

MOLINESS TO THE LORD.

2435

Cliff Edward

Vol. XXXV. No. 14.

JULY 15, 1900.

# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Designed  
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of the  
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GEORGE Q.  
CANNON  
EDITOR

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Published Semi-Monthly

\$2 per Year.

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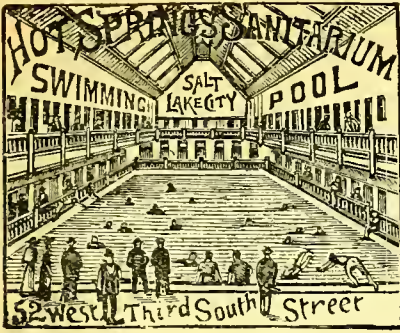
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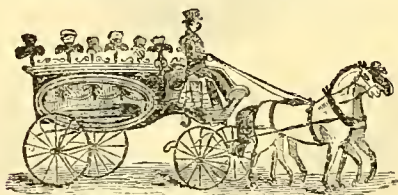
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# THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.



VOL. XXXV.

SALT LAKE CITY, JULY 15, 1900.

No. 14.

## THE TIMBER RAFT AS A COMMERCIAL INDUSTRY.

**W**HEREVER there is a mill pond, a small lake, or a widening of a sluggish river, the boys and girls of the neighborhood know what a raft is, for they have all probably ridden on one, and possibly helped in its construction. But the rafts of our childhood, made of a few pieces of plank and used on small ponds, are poor little things when compared with the craft that under this name float down some of the great rivers of the world, or are towed along the lakes until sufficient current is again found to carry them toward their destination. With such rafts as these, riding is not merely an excursion or a pleasure trip; it is hard work and business from the start, and attended with dangers and perils at many points in the journey.

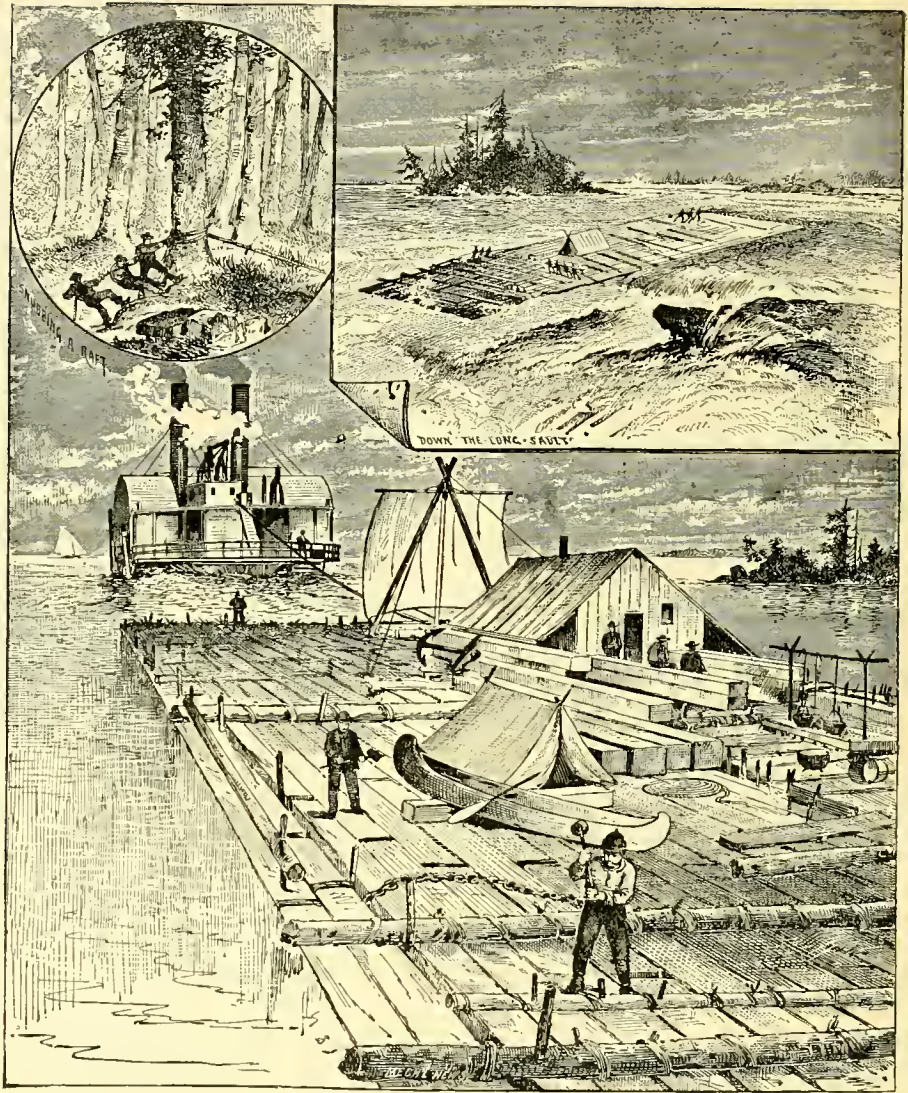
The object is to get to market as cheaply as possible the material of which the raft is built—at least to bring it to a point where it can best be used. Sometimes this material is logs as they come from the virgin forest, stripped of course of the useless branches and the tapering tops. Sometimes it is squared timber or sawed lumber. In any case, the method of raft construction and handling is much the same. The logs or planks are lashed together with chains, ropes or willow-withes, sometimes assisted by stringers and wooden pins; and when a sufficient amount has thus been collected to make as broad and long a surface as can be floated safely down the stream and along the

water courses which the strange craft must follow, it is cut loose and starts off on its slow journey.

The number of men necessary to handle the raft depends more on the character of the currents to be traversed than on the size of the float itself; but whether they are few or many, they make up their minds to a pretty long journey, with plenty of work and not a few dangers. When the river channel is straight and broad, and the raft moves along correctly, of course the men have an easy time. But when the stream is winding or narrow, or when rocks or rapids have to be encountered, it is by no means a restful or an idle time that the raftsmen have. Then, on most rivers that are navigable for other craft, it is required that timber rafts be hauled out to one side at night and made fast to await the daylight again. This means much «poling» and «snubbing» twice a day, and this, with many a wetting, occurs in the early or late hours of the day when the air is chill—for every moment of daylight must be utilized if the venture is to prove profitable.

Days slip into weeks, and sometimes weeks into months while one of these monster rafts is making its way from the native forest region down to the sea-coast or to the cities which are the lumber markets. Against such a journey, provision is made for as much comfort as possible for the crew. A shanty is frequently constructed





RAFTING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

on board—if not that, a tent or awning is stretched, under which they can eat and sleep, protected from the weather. They have their stove, set in a bed of clay or ashes right on the logs, and here, without danger of the raft taking fire, they cook their food. One man is always stationed at the lookout, with pole or paddle to indicate the course of the huge floating lumber island. At the stern is a long paddle serving as a rudder, which sometimes one man can attend to, but which sometimes needs half a dozen. These, with an occasional

paddle or pole on the sides, and a rude sail to be used whenever the wind favors, constitute the main sailing and steering apparatus. In passing through a lake where there is no current to speak of, a steamer or tug is employed to tow the craft along—sometimes a whole procession of them. After reaching its destination the raft is knocked to pieces even more hastily than it was constructed, and the men make their way back again to the timber country by steamboat, railway train or team.

The Mississippi River in this country was



at one period fairly dotted with rafts; but of recent years the industry has undergone this change that the timber is now sawed in the lumber camps and conveyed in scows or on railway trains to the point of consumption. The St. Lawrence River is still a favorite place for rafting, our illustration being from scenes along that mighty stream. In central Europe the Rhine, the Elbe and the Danube

bear upon their broad bosoms much of this class of traffic. But in general the expansion of the railway systems of the world has made it easier to finish the lumber near the camps where it is cut and then haul it to market than to take the time and risk of floating it in its rude, unfinished state down to market.



### THE STORY OF THE SEA GULLS.

**I**N one of our large farming towns stood a neat cottage, surrounded by stately poplar trees. The outward walls of the dwelling were adorned with climbing vines, and fragrant flowers lent their sweetness to the evening air. The green, well-kept lawn gave the whole scene an appearance of home-like comfort and pleasure. Beyond the cottage, stretching away in the distance, were the well cultivated farms.

Leisurely strolling through the fields was a silver-haired venerable-looking gentleman, with his daughter, a beautiful young girl just budding into womanhood. They were accompanied by a not less fair but more stately looking lady whose surprised looks plainly told that she was unacquainted with the vastness of this western country.

It was early spring and they were admiring the dark green of the alfalfa and the lighter green of the sprouting grain. Suddenly an exclamation of delight from the young girl who was some distance in advance of the others caused her two companions to pause in their conversation and hasten toward her.

"Oh, Papa! look at those beautiful large birds flying over our heads!"

The whole aspect of the aged gentleman changed; a look of extreme pleasure passed over his venerable features; his frame trembled, and from his kindly eyes came a look that his child had never seen before as he

watched the beautiful creatures circling through the air. He caught his hat from his head and waving it towards the birds with suppressed excitement exclaimed, "Welcome! welcome! Thou art welcome! Nothing shall harm thee! Welcome to Weatherwax!"

His daughter opened her eyes in astonishment; while her friend, whose knowledge of natural history enabled her to tell that there was nothing uncommon about the birds, being only a specimen of the wild sea gulls, very numerous on the Atlantic coast where her home was situated, but seldom seen so far inland, gazed in bewildered surprise at his strange agitation and actions.

Replacing his hat and with an effort regaining his composure, he said quietly: "Sit down, my child, sit down on this fallen tree and I will tell you and your friend why the sight of those birds has so strangely affected me."

After he had arranged a comfortable seat for his companions, the old gentleman began in a low, subdued voice:

"Tis forty years since I saw one of those, to me, beautiful birds. These valleys were not the pleasant place then you see them now, filled with prosperous farms, beautiful orchards and with peace and plenty smiling on every hand, but a dry, barren, forbidding-looking desert stretched as far as the eye could reach, except the one spot where the Saints of God rested after their long and

perilous journey. Rude log cabins had been constructed to shield them from the elements. The ground had been prepared with such rude implements as they possessed, and the carefully hoarded grain was sown, and if that failed to come up it looked as though starvation would be their lot: situated as they were thousands of miles from habitation, save that of the savage red man. They were already existing on thistle roots, segoes and whatever they could find that contained any nourishment. The small ration of flour was carefully saved for the sick and the aged.

«The tender green leaves of the wheat soon appeared. The hearts of that valiant band of exile Saints were gladdened by the sight, for bread, blessed bread, would again be their portion.

«But what is that cry of alarm and terror that is passed from lip to lip and from house to house? Were the ruthless savages with their war paint and feathers coming to burn and pillage? to massacre that small band of defenseless pilgrims? Were that merciless mob who had driven them from their homes and martyred their beloved leaders coming upon them again in all their fury?

«No! but look at the grain, covered with black, crawling, crowding myriads of crickets, that came in countless numbers from the mountains! The tender green leaves were disappearing as quickly as frost before the morning sun.

«O! my child,» said the father, laying his hand tenderly on the bowed head beside him, «May you never have to pass through such scenes as those! I thought of my helpless little ones—I thought of my devoted wife, faint with hunger with a nursing babe at her breast.»

The young girl was weeping softly; the eyes of her friend were turned away to hide the gathering moisture, for, though not of their faith, the simple recital touched her more than she cared to own.

«The Saints who had endured with such fortitude the many trials and persecutions

through which they had passed; who had left their homes and their all to seek a refuge from oppression; whose journey over the trackless wilds could be traced by the graves of their innocent babes and cherished loved ones; stood appalled before this new and unknown foe. But their hearts turned to their Deliverer, their Friend on high, who had never yet forsaken them. Even as Peter when he felt himself sinking beneath the water on which his Master walked so serenely, cried, «Save me, Lord,» so did the Saints in one united voice cry, «Save us, Lord.»

«Never,» continued the old gentleman reverently, «did the God of Jacob more miraculously deliver the children of Israel; no, not even when the waters of the mighty Red Sea parted to let them pass on dry land, was a greater miracle performed than that which saved Latter-day Israel from their enemies, the black, destructive crickets!

Where the lake and the sky seemed to meet in the western horizon, there arose what appeared to be a cloud, dim and obscure at first; but as it neared the rude fort of the distressed Saints it proved to be a large flock of sea gulls—the same kind of birds as we have seen today. As though directed by a master hand they flew with unerring precision directly toward the field of apparently doomed grain. Men, women, and children gazed with awe-stricken admiration at the sight. Even as the dove flying to the out-stretched hand of Noah, bearing the olive branch, brought joy to those within the ark, so did the sight of those birds forcibly remind the Saints that God is the same yesterday, today and forever—that His watchcare is ever over those who serve Him and love to work His will, in whatever age of the world they may live.

«The whole flock alighted and began devouring the crickets with great rapidity. They ate till they could retain no more, then they would throw up those they had eaten and begin again—until every one of those crickets was destroyed. Then they raised their wings and flew away, and from that



day to this I have never seen one until today. So you, my child, and your young friend can readily understand why the sight of those birds has so deeply moved me.

«Such rejoicing as there was in the camp of Israel! Such heartfelt gratitude to the God of Heaven, who had so miraculously saved them from starvation! Thus you see the purposes of Jehovah are fulfilled. Man may ridicule, may seek to destroy His chosen people, but even the birds of the air obey His behests and work His mighty will.»

They arose to go and had proceeded but a short distance when the young girl stopped, and looking earnestly at some object cried, «Look, Papa, the birds are returning, but see how one of them flutters toward the ground as though it were suffering. I fear some thoughtless or wanton boy has thrown a stone at it.»

The bird circled round till it came within a few feet of the little party, then it suddenly dropped—dead. The amazement and distress of the father seemed not less than that of his tender-hearted child. «Go and bring it here, my dear,» said he sadly. She obeyed, clasping the beautiful lifeless bird tenderly to her breast. He examined it carefully but not a sign of even the slightest wound could be found anywhere on its body.

Sadly they returned home, taking the dead bird with them, a feeling of oppression and sadness clinging to the father, which he could not throw off. Was that bird sent to him as a warning that death was hovering

over his habitation? That he and his loved ones must soon be parted? Could that father, loved and almost idolized by a large and devoted family, have known that in a short space of time he would be called to leave that cottage home forever, causing an aching void that nothing has nor ever can fill; could he have known that his beautiful young daughter in all the loveliness of maidenhood was to droop, and despite all that love or skill could suggest, pass to that beautiful home above; would he have connected the visitation of those birds with hers, his own and a still more loved one's death? If so he never put his thoughts into words. The bereaved inmates of that cottage speak reverently of the bird that died so suddenly.

The beautiful lesson of the watchcare of God over His people conveyed by the Story of the Sea Gulls was not told in vain. The fair young stranger bore a vivid picture of those scenes so eloquently described by the father of her friend to her distant home, there to be repeated in the family circle and awakening a desire to hear more of Utah and her people. «Surely, Mother,» she said as they were conversing quietly one evening, «There must be some divine care over those peculiar people called «Mormons.» Do you really think, Mother dear, that God had anything to do with sending those gulls?»

«My child,» said the mother softly,

«God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform.»

*Madie.*



## MARCUS KING, MORMON.

### CHAPTER X.

THE gas had been lighted in the streets of Hungerton when Marcus entered.

He meant first to find the lawyer who had charge of his small business affairs.

He had no money and he did not wish to ask for food and lodging, without money to pay. So he walked up the main street, noting the changes in the town and the people. No

one knew him, although he recognized many of his old time friends. There was a peculiar feeling connected with it all. There he was, a total stranger in a town full of people who knew him. They crowded past him on the sidewalk, but knew him not. He must have changed much.

And there was the church. He saw its outlines in the dark, and there were lights within. Yes; there was the iron fence and gate. The same lamp-post stood near it. The trees seemed larger, but the church smaller. He walked by. People were entering. A block up the street was the lawyer's home. He would call there, as he would not likely be at the office.

Marcus rang the bell, and the girl that answered him said that Mr. Brown, the lawyer, was out of town, but would be back tomorrow. So until tomorrow Marcus would have to wait. He went down the street again. People were still going into the church. Some carriages drove up and their occupants alighted at the gate. There must be some special services, or else the people had awakened to the importance of the week day meeting. Marcus might as well join the crowd, and get a look at the old church. He went in and found a seat at the rear near the door. The church was nearly full. The lights shone brightly, and the many flowers in front filled the room with their perfume. Being early for flowers, Marcus wondered at the extravagance. The usher was unknown to Marcus, so he was allowed to sit unobserved.

For a moment Marcus felt out of place down by the door. He saw that the pulpit had been re-painted and upholstered; otherwise it was the same church. The walls were getting dingy, and some of the seats showed signs of wear. It certainly was getting too small for such a crowd of people.

And now the organist who had done faithful service for both Marcus and his father went to the organ, and the familiar notes echoed into the ears of Marcus King. They

brought him back again to days gone by when he himself gave out the hymn and preached the sermon. The pastor now came in from the back door. He was a middle-aged man with a cleanly shaven face. So that was his successor in office, thought Marcus. Well, he certainly looked pious enough to suit the most orthodox. The pastor did not proceed with the services, but arranged the flowers as if he was waiting for something. Then Marcus learned from the whispering around him that he was about to witness a marriage ceremony. He was somewhat disappointed, as he had expected to hear the new pastor.

More carriages drive up, and there is a bustle outside. The people turn and look towards the door, and whisper, "There they come." The party come up the walk and enter the vestibule where there is some delay. Then they enter. Marcus does not turn around but first catches sight of them as they walk up the aisle. The man is tall and broad-shouldered; the girl's slim, graceful figure is clothed in white. "The best men" and bridesmaids follow and Marcus distinguishes among them some of his acquaintances. The parson meets the company in front of the pulpit, and is arranging them into their proper places for the ceremony.

Marcus is now interested. He had not married many couples himself, but he remembered one old pair of fifty and sixty, and how odd it was for him, a young unmarried man, to bind together such old people. But now the group is arranged and the young people to be married step to the front. The gas lamps shine directly on them and Marcus sees, apparently looking directly at him, the pale beautiful face of *Alice Merton!*

For an instant the whole scene is a blur on his vision; then from it comes but one sharp outline, the figure of Alice. She stands there young and fair, more beautiful than ever. She folds her hands in front and



hangs them listlessly down, as if she were a victim waiting resignedly for the sacrifice. Her face is white.

The awful truth bursts upon Marcus as with a mighty flood. There is Alice, *his* Alice, to be married, to be bound for life to the man at her side. The thought is unbearable. Marcus presses hard the back of the chair in front of him. Yet there they stand. The parson is slow in beginning.

During that brief space of time Marcus lived over again his life with Alice Merton. (Afterward he thought of the wonder of it all, how that every detail of years could be crowded into a panorama to be flashed before his mind in an instant.) Then as a climax came again the last scene between them; but what could he do? He was helpless. She would have to go. She would have to be another's, and not his.

The minister steps up to the pair, the woman on the left, and the man on the right. Then to the hushed spectators he begins to speak:

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God, and in the face of this company, to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony; which is commended of St. Paul to be honorable among men: and therefore is not by any to be entered into unadvisedly or lightly; but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of God. Into this holy estate these two persons present come now to be joined. If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, *let him now speak*, or else hereafter forever hold his peace."

"*Darling, darling, you are mine, my very own for time and for eternity!*" rang in Marcus' ears louder than the words of the minister. Those words were inspired and could not fall to the ground unfulfilled.

Marcus arose and stepped out in the aisle.

"Alice, Alice Merton, I object to your marrying that man," he said.

He stood still and erect amid the death-

like silence. Most of them knew him then by the familiar voice, and they were awed by the scene. The parson had never been interrupted like that before, and was visibly uncertain what to do. The bridegroom turned to him and bade him go on with the ceremony. Then Marcus spoke again in tones not loud but penetrating:

"I am Marcus King. Alice, do not marry that man. You are mine, mine, Alice, by the eternal laws of God!"

An audible oath escaped from the lips of the young man. Murmurs ran through the church, then silence again as Alice raised her hands to her head. She took a step or two forward as if she would walk down the aisle, and then fell to the floor.

In the confusion which followed Marcus stepped back to the door, and stood there looking on. Those that passed out glared at him, as they would at a venomous reptile. He saw that Alice was lifted up, and carried to the platform, and when she again regained consciousness he heard her whisper:

"Take me home."

Then he went out and down the street.

\* \* \* \* \*

For the second time Marcus King had made a great sensation in his native town. By the next day the news was the talk of the town. Opinions were various. Some claimed that he did right in rescuing Alice Merton from the hands of an adventurer. Some said that the Mormon should have been tarred and feathered and driven from the country. Others shook their heads and didn't know. A few had seen Marcus' weather-stained coat, but more had observed his majestic bearing as he had stood in the aisle protesting against the marriage.

Marcus himself had gone that evening direct to a hotel and ordered supper and a bed.

During the night he slept fairly well and next morning managed to reach Mr. Brown's office without a stir on the street. The business that could be attended to that

morning being soon finished, Marcus went back to the hotel where he spent the day reading and writing letters. Here he heard the gossip and gleaned from it that Alice had been taken home. The marriage had been indefinitely postponed. In fact, the would-be bridegroom had somewhat brusquely demanded that the ceremony should go on, and had quarrelled with Alice's old father. Then he had left, no one knew where, and it was believed by many that he was afraid of Marcus, that Marcus knew something more of him than any one else in Hungerton. When Marcus was approached on the matter and when he denied any previous knowledge of the man, plainly he was not believed.

But what move to make next was not clear to Elder King. He would have to stay a few days in the town, but what to do about Alice he knew not. He did not repent of what he had done in the church, because he believed with many more that the man she was about to marry was an adventurer; besides, he had other personal reasons. But what good would come of it, anyway? He longed to make bold and call on Alice. She must be very sick, by what he heard; and he could believe that from the face he saw in the church. Marcus had concluded that he must see Alice before he left Hungerton for good, but for that opening he could only wait.

All the day he moved about no more than was necessary, not that he was afraid of anybody, but he considered it wisdom to be quiet. A few friends called on him, with whom he talked pleasantly, and told of the new country in the valleys of the West. That evening he visited some relatives of John and Eliza Dixon, and got home late. The next day he was busy with Lawyer Brown until in the afternoon. He had heard nothing about Alice that day.

Looking out of the window of his room, he saw Mr. Merton drive up to the hotel in the old familiar buggy. He got out, fastened

his horse and came in. Presently there came a knock on the door and a boy told him that he was wanted.

"Is it Mr. Merton?" asked Marcus.

"Yes, sir."

"Then show him up."

Mr. Merton had aged very much. Marcus could see that his hair was white and that his hands trembled as he met him in the hall and led him into his room. The old man was not angry, but shook the hand that Marcus offered him in a mild, unconcerned way. Then he took the proffered chair and sat and looked at Marcus for some time.

"May I ask you how Alice is?" said Marcus.

"She is ill, very ill, sir."

Still he looked at the young man in that strange way.

"I sincerely hope, Mr. Merton, that I was not the cause of this illness—perhaps I should not have been so rash—but you know—"

"Yes; I know. Don't worry over that, young man. Alice was ill all the time, and should not have tried—but he forced it. I might as well tell you the truth, and that is that you did a good deed in stopping the marriage. I, Marcus"—and as the old man pronounced the word, his tone became softer—"never encouraged Alice in casting you off, when you joined the Mormons. She did it on her own responsibility—are you still a Mormon?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, it's all right, I guess. Everybody to their notion about such things, though I must say that I think it would have been much more comfortable if you had remained with us. And now, what I came for is this: Alice wants to see you. Will you come?"

Marcus' heart gave one great leap for joy.

"It will be the greatest pleasure of my life," said Marcus, "to once more look upon her face."

"Then you love her yet?"

"I have never ceased to love her."



«And she loves you, too,» the old man murmured as they walked into the hall.

In a few minutes Marcus and Mr. Merton were driving from the city out into a country road which followed the broad river. Very few words were spoken. Soon they came in sight of the gray farm house back towards the hills, up to which they drove. Marcus knew the place well and remembered its beauty in the summer when the trees nearly hid it from view; but now it had grown gray and weather-stained, corresponding to the sombre woods around it.

Marcus alighted at the side door and was met by the mother. She took his hand and welcomed him, but there was a coldness about her. She took his hat and gave him a chair.

«Alice wants to see you,» she said. «If you will excuse me for a few moments I will see if she is awake.»

During her absence, Mr. Merton came in. While he was hanging his coat in the hall way, he motioned to Marcus.

«You must excuse Mother,» he said, «if she treats you coldly. She doesn't understand. She believes in Mr. Carlton yet and blames you. She has had great influence over Alice and nearly forced her into it, and it is only for Alice's sake that she would have you come. You understand, Marcus?»

«I can appreciate her feelings, I think,» was the answer. «I do not blame her.»

They went in again, and soon the mother came back. Alice was awake and feeling strong enough to see Marcus, so he was shown into her room. The mother went out and closed the door, leaving the two alone. Alice had asked her to do that.

The afternoon sun shone bright and warm, and the blinds of the large west window were drawn. A ray, however, came through at the side and now fell across the bed where Alice lay propped up on the white pillows. When she saw him she said «Marcus!» and held out her arms. He walked softly up to the bed, bent over her and the white arms

encircled his neck. She drew his head down beside hers and held it fast while she whispered:

«Forgive me, Marcus, forgive me!»

But all he could say was, «Darling, oh my darling!»

There are times when many words are weak, meaningless things, and that time had come in the life of Marcus and Alice. Language may communicate thought, but that was not what was wanted now. The feelings of two souls had accumulated, and had been pent up for a long time. The natural channel between two hearts had been clogged. But now every obstacle was removed and freely the current of love flowed between them. The emotions are best indicated by a look, a motion, a pressure of the hand. Words are useless. Silence is the more eloquent.

Then the arms relaxed and fell down on the coverlet, and as Marcus sat by the bedside he took the thin hands in his and held them gently. The big, blue eyes filled with tears, yet she smiled through them.

«You have forgiven me,» she said, «and I thank you, Marcus.»

Then she closed her eyes as if to sleep, and he smoothed back the hair from her forehead.

«It's been too much for you. You are tired. I shall go now that you may sleep.»

«I am tired, and I believe I could sleep if you will stay. Marcus, you must not go away any more, you must stay until—»

«Yes, I will not leave you until you are well—but don't talk any more. There, now, you must rest.»

He kissed her closed eyes and softly left the room. The father was walking back and forth on the floor, the mother sat by the table with her face in her hands.

«I think Alice will sleep now,» said Marcus.

The father gave a sigh of relief. «She has hardly slept for two nights,» he said.

The mother also felt better and was more cheerful as she walked back and forth from the supper table to the door of the sick

room, and seemed to feel more kindly towards Marcus. After supper Alice awoke much refreshed. The lamp was lighted and the three went in. Alice spoke to them in a cheerful way. Then the doctor came. The father and Marcus went with him outside to learn his opinion. He shook his head.

«But she is better, isn't she?» asked the father.

«She seems so, this evening; but it is only temporary. The girl has no vitality. She is all run down. This has been with her for a long time. The attempted marriage only brought the inevitable a little sooner.

«Is it that serious, doctor?» asked Marcus somewhat alarmed.

«I am telling you the truth. I do not care to conceal the facts from you. There are very small chances of her recovery. She may linger for some time or she may go rapidly.»

Mrs. Merton asked Marcus for Alice's sake to remain at the farm house. If he was not busy, they would consider it a favor; and Marcus said he would stay as long as he could be of any use.

The doctor's words could not be doubted. The next day Alice was weak, weaker than usual; and although she did not talk much there was a smile upon her face. Marcus sat by the bedside and she seemed content when her hand lay in his. The mother saw, and now understood, and left them alone much of the time.

Spring days came on in rapid succession. The sun was bright, the winds were warm and all nature stirred in its efforts to awake from its wintry sleep. The grass on the sunny sides of walls and ridges began to be green. The buds of trees swelled ready to bursting. The bees came from the hive and buzzed around the windows. The air was filled with fresh spring odors.

And as everything without slowly awoke to life, so one within gently sank into death. The spring days went calmly by and Marcus was yet at the farm house.

It was one of those still afternoons when

the world seemed taking a much needed rest that Marcus was sitting in his usual place by Alice. They were alone. The few sounds from the adjoining rooms were low; the loudest seemed to come from the little round clock on the mantel.

«Marcus, bless me again. I want you to talk more to me.»

Marcus took from his pocket a vial of oil, anointed her with a few drops and then, placing his hands on her head, blessed her.

«Now I feel stronger,» she said. «Tell me more about Joseph Smith and what he did—and the angels and all those wonderful things.»

And he talked, quietly and in soft tones, and told her the whole beautiful story:

«And out there in Utah,» she continued, «you said it was a wild country. Tell me about it.»

So he told her of the mountains and the valleys, the streams and the Great Salt Lake.

«Marcus, that friend of yours—Janet. Have you her picture?»

«I think I have a small tintype.»

«Will you let me see it?»

From a packet of letters he drew out the picture and handed it to her. She looked at it for some time.

«It is a good, sweet face; and you like her, don't you, Marcus?»

«She is a good girl.»

«Yes; much better than I—sh, don't contradict me. I know. I know a lot now. When I am gone, you will go back to Utah and marry her.»

«My dear Alice—»

«Yes; I want you to. It's all right. Bring me that little box on the dresser.»

Marcus brought it.

«The key is hanging on the wall; yes, that's it.»

She unlocked the small rosewood box and from it took a letter which she handed to him.

«That letter is from Janet. It is the most wonderful I have ever received. I did not know a girl could write such a letter and mean it. Did she mean it, Marcus?»



«Janet would deceive no one; but of course I don't know what she said.»

«Read it.»

Marcus read the letter, and Alice watched his face.

«I think she means every word,» he said.

«What does she mean by marriage for time and eternity?»

He explained.

Then she closed her eyes, and held the tintype to her cheek. The mother looked in but did not enter.

Alice reached for his hand, and she held it close.

«Marcus, Marcus, O, I am so glad. Such light, such blessed light. I can die in peace.»

Then she fumbled in the box again and found a ring.

«Do you remember it, Marcus? You gave it to me. Now I want you to give it to Janet *with my love and blessing.*»

Marcus took it, but his heart was too full for words. The clock ticked on. A breeze pushed the branches against the window panes. The tintype dropped from the pale fingers and Alice slept again.

Marcus stayed with her to the last. The grass and the trees were green and the first spring flowers were out when she died. Marcus prevailed on the father and mother to let her be buried in his own lot, close beside his mother. The old parents now seemed to cling to Marcus as to a son, and it was a sad day when he bade them farewell. While at Hungerton Marcus received a call to another field, and he at once made preparations for the journey. He held no public meetings at his native town. The Lord would excuse him for that, he thought; but before he left he had the rude crosses taken from his parents' graves and three neatly finished marble stones placed within the new iron railing around his lot. One of them stood by a newly made grave, and on it was inscribed, besides the name and dates:

«There is no death! What seems so is transition.

This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call death.»

*Nephi Anderson.*

(CONCLUSION NEXT NUMBER.)



## HOW I BECAME A LATTER-DAY SAINT.

**I** AM an Irishman, was born and raised in Belfast, and strictly educated a Roman Catholic. Up to about the beginning of the year 1855 I knew nothing whatever of the Gospel as taught by the Latter-day Saints. The only thing that I ever heard was a tale I read in Eliza Cook's Journal, called «The Mormon Prophet». Almost everyone has heard this foolish story of two men coming to a certain village, W——, one dying, and the other taking it upon him-

self to raise him from the dead. Some people gathered to see the great miracle worked, and one asked in particular whether, if he were to take a leg off the dead man, he could be raised to life, the answer being, yes. «If I take the head off, can you then raise him to life?» «Yes.» «Well, here it goes; I will take the head off.» As the man raised a cleaver to do so, the dead man immediately jumped up and said that he would not allow his head to be taken off. These men, of

course, were said to be Joseph and Hyrum. This is all I had ever heard of this so-called «Mormonism.»

About the end of the year '54, or the beginning of '55, I was in a little town called Magharafelt, and was sent from there to a little town called Aughran, about a mile and a half distant. I might as well say here that at this period I had given up all ideas with reference to religion, having read a great many controversial books, and all I did read in no way agreed with the Scriptures. Therefore I gave up all idea of it, and said to myself that when the religion should come along that would agree with these Scriptures I would take to it. Then, not till then, would I give up the follies that I then participated in, such as drinking whiskey, merry-makings, etc. But this is a digression.

I reached the house where I was to tune a piano, and when I was very nearly through a man came in and asked me to play him a psalm, which I did. Then he asked to what church I belonged. I told him, none. He then said that he could see that he was brought there at that time to convert me. I smiled at him and replied that I thought he had undertaken a work which he could not accomplish. He asked if I believed in a God. I said there was no doubt about that, as a glance at the solar system would show that it was formed by a great Designer, yet I did not know it; and that the Scriptures were evidently written by inspired men for some purpose, but I could not understand them. I then said, «There is one portion which says, «If you have faith as a grain of mustard seed you could say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place, and it would be removed.»» The gentleman informed me that the mountain referred to was the mountain of sin. This I at once rejected and told him that when Christ spoke to His disciples, He spoke plainly, and when He spoke to the people He spoke in parables. Now these were the disciples that He was talking to when He said this. Other questions were

asked and answered, but I think I got far the better of him. So at that time he made no convert of me.

As I had to go that night to a town called Moneymore, I had to retrace my steps to Magharafelt. As I reached Magharafelt the mail car was at the hotel door waiting for passengers. I availed myself of this to ride a distance of four miles. (All this I remember as well as if it happened last week.) When the car was about half way to Moneymore a strange feeling came over me, the power of speech was taken from me and I saw presented before me like a panorama my foregoing life, which was anything but pleasant to see. I immediately felt a great repentance for it, such a repentance as I have never had since. Therefore sometimes I think that such a repentance is a free gift from the Lord. I was influenced to go and pray, and as I understood it, I would be shown a church or people that I was to join. Then all this was taken away, and my speech was restored to me.

When I reached Moneymore I met a man whom I knew well, for I generally stayed at his house in passing through that town. He also believed in no religion. I put my arm in his and we walked together along the public road, and, pointing with my finger toward the setting sun, I said: «William, as certainly as that sun is setting, there is a God, and as certainly as there is a God I will find Him out.»

I stopped with him that night and next day went seven miles farther to a town called Stewartstown, praying almost every time I had an opportunity that if the Lord would show me what He wanted me to do I would obey it implicitly. During the time I was in Stewartstown I prayed and fasted, putting away the food they supposed I had eaten. I stayed there about ten days, and, as I said before, prayed whenever I had an opportunity. Still no answer came, and I concluded that it was all humbug, and was on the verge of giving it all up, because I had received no



answer to such earnest prayers as I had offered up. Immediately, as if there was another person inside of me, or as if my very bones spoke to me, I heard a voice say most distinctly, "Go to Moneymore."

Now the reader will remember this was the town I had just left. But I jumped up and said to the landlord, "James, I am off to Moneymore."

He answered, "Mr. Taggart, you are going mad and religion is the cause of it."

I passed out of the door and walked these seven miles to Moneymore. By the time I arrived there all religious feeling had left me, and I was as completely dead to any source of religion as if I had never taken it in hand. I went on to the house where my friend lived and he asked me about the religion. I said it was all humbug, that I had prayed according to my promise, at the same time forgetting the command I had received that morning to come to Moneymore. He said he did not know, but there was living right opposite his house a young woman who had gone to Belfast and joined some people called "Morgals."

I exclaimed, "In the name of heaven, what sort of a religion is that?"

He replied that he did not know, but that she was a very foolish girl before she joined them and that now no man could face her in talking about the Scriptures.

"Is that the young woman I saw several times in your house?"

"Yes."

"Then I will go over and put (Morgals) out of her head."

With that I arose and walked straight over to her house. I remember the cottage well with its little wicket gate and its large iron latch at the door, thatched roof, etc. I walked in, and she came to me and took my hand, saying, "You are the very man I want to see," very politely giving me a chair; "I have something to read to you."

After lifting some pamphlets from a shelf above the table, she sat down, and asking me

to listen, began reading what I am now familiar with, Orson Pratt's tracts on the Kingdom of God. Never did a babe take milk from its mother's breast with as much relish as I listened to her reading those words. When she had finished I asked where the other people who belonged to this religion were, and she told me of Utah and called it "the valley." I asked if there was a man about who belonged to this religion, to whom I could talk. She replied that the nearest one was "Jim" Ferguson, in Belfast, that he was then on a mission from Utah, and that she was the only one within miles belonging to the Church. I said that on the first opportunity I would go and see this "Jim" Ferguson.

Bidding her good-bye, I returned to my friend's, and he asked me what I thought of the young woman. I was rather melancholy because it brought to my mind the command I had received that morning, and surely it was this message I was sent back to Moneymore to hear. Then I felt two powers most distinctly; one influencing me to go to Belfast, the other not to go, and suggesting that if I went I would be killed on the journey. The torment that I endured I would have given anything to be rid of. I told my friend William of it and he said he did not know what to do.

Then I said, "William, I will stop with you all night, and before I go to bed I will pray most earnestly that God will allow me to oversleep myself if this thing is a delusion, but if it is really true and of Him, that I will be awake for the car that passes here at a quarter to five in the morning. That will end the business with me for I think it is some delusion."

This we agreed upon. I went to my bed, but before doing so kept my word and prayed most earnestly that if this thing was of God I might be awake in the morning for the car, and if not that I might oversleep myself. I remember waking in the morning as the clock struck four, when, with a very

heavy heart, I arose and went to William's bedroom and told him I was awake.

"Well, Mr. Taggart," he said, "I will get up and make you a cup of tea, and God grant that all this is for your good."

I washed and dressed myself, and so vivid are these things before me, that I remember taking the shovel and knocking the turf ashes aside and putting the teapot on; for it is the habit in Ireland, in the country parts, to cover up the turf, or peat, with its own ashes, and when the ashes are taken away the fire is all laid. I gave two or three sighs, believing that I was to be killed on that journey, and never did a man go upon one with a heavier heart. I paid my bill, and as I did so the quarter to five car came down and I stepped upon it. It came into my head that in crossing the Bann water the horse would get frightened and jump over the range wall into the water, and then it would be all over. But the horse and car went straight over with no accident, and we reached our destination, Randalstown, in safety. I had to go the remainder of the journey by rail, which was a distance of seventeen miles, and of course the old feeling that I was to be destroyed did not leave me. I expected that the boiler would burst, or some tremendous accident happen. But I reached Belfast in safety.

After leaving the carriage I walked down York street and near the corner of Thomas street I could have dashed my head against the wall for being a most inveterate fool, as all religious influence had left me and I was not urged on by any power, either for or against. I then went down to the corn market to see a companion of mine. When I went upstairs to the drawing room and saw him sitting there, he exclaimed, "Hello, so quick back?"

I said yes, but that I was going back on the four o'clock train in the evening, having no intention of calling upon "Jim" Ferguson, or any other "Mormon."

As near as I can remember, about two

o'clock his father came in and said to me, "Charlie, I want you to tune that piano before you go."

This, of course, was only half or three quarters of an hour's work and I commenced at once, as half an hour would take me to the railway station. When I began on the piano it seemed as if I had forgotten everything that belonged to my business, and I went to work as if I had never touched a piano before. Everything went wrong with it. I heard one string snap, then another, and on looking down I discovered that the hitch pins of both were broken.

I jumped up in a hurry and said, "Tom, give me a lift with the piano and we will lay it on its back. I will never reach that train in time tonight."

I put in two new hitch pins, as at that period the hitch pin planks were of wood.

"Charlie," he said, "you are spoiling the piano."

"That is just what I am doing. I do not know what has come over me."

When the clock struck three, the piano was as far from being done as ever. I began to wonder seriously what was wrong with me, and something seemed to say to me, "What did you come here for?"

I turned around and said "Tom, do you know anything about the Mormons?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"Tell me all you know about them."

"Just the religion for you and me," he said; "they marry all the wives they can get hold of."

"Tom, I am in earnest in asking the question and I want no joke."

"I tell you I know all about them," he answered.

"Then," I said, "tell me."

"Well, it is a religion away in the west of America and, as I told you before, they marry all the wives they can get hold of."

"If that is true, surely this thing is of hell."

"Well, if you don't believe me, you had better ask someone else."



I then continued my work at the piano and finished it in my usual way, but it was too late to catch the train that day.

«Tom,» I said, «I made a promise to a girl in Money more that I would go and see a man they call (Jim) Ferguson. He is a Mormon, and I want to keep my word. Now you and I will go right away down there and I will give that Mormon such a going-over as he never got in his life.»

«Oh, what do you want with Mormons?»

«Well,» I said, «nothing. But I want to keep my word.»

«All right, let's go.»

So we got up and walked down to Collingwood street, where I had been told I would find Mr. Ferguson, I believe the number was 29. We found the number and knocked at the door of a small, plainlooking building, like mechanics occupy. There were a kitchen, a parlor and two rooms upstairs. A young woman came to the door, and I said, «Is this where Mr. Ferguson lives?»

«Yes sir,» she said; «walk in. He is not in, but I can find him next door.»

So we both went into the kitchen and sat down, and soon a man came in.

I arose and said, «Mr. Ferguson, I presume?»

«My name is Jim Ferguson.»

«Well, Jim or Jack, it is all the same to me, I have come to inquire about this new religion of yours.»

«Oh, take a seat.»

So I sat down again, saying, «You will permit me to ask you a few questions before we enter upon these subjects?»

«Certainly,» he said.

«Do you believe in the Bible?»

«Well, yes,» was his answer.

«Do you confess the Athanasian creed?»

«What is the Athanasian creed?»

«Well, it is a creed, according to its temperaments, on which rests salvation or damnation.» As I said before, I had renounced all religions, yet, having been educated a Catholic, the like of this still stuck to me.

«Who composed this Athanasian creed?»

«Saint Athanasius.»

«Who was Saint Athanasius?»

«He lived about the sixth century, and composed this creed.»

«Was he the pope?»

«No,» I said, «he was not.»

«Do you not think that upon such a vital principle as that, the head of the church should have been the author?»

«I have never looked at it in that light before.»

I might say here that in saying that Athanasius lived about the sixth century I made a mistake; he flourished in the third century.

Mr. Ferguson then began to preach of the Gospel and I listened. I had no more questions to ask, and the fact is, I felt like a little child under a great master. An hour or so had passed away when I arose and asked him if he had any works upon this subject. He said he had and went into the room adjoining the kitchen and brought out some tracts and gave them to me. I asked him the price of them and he said they were free.

«And now,» he said, «young man, give me your hand.»

I gave him my hand and he added, «You will be a Mormon, and you can't help yourself.»

This prophecy in after years I found to be most truly verified. That was the first time I met (Jim) Ferguson, and the last, for he was dead when I came to this country.

When we were in the street again Tom said, «I thought you were to give him a going-over. I heard nothing you said to contradict him.»

«Tom,» I said, «did you hear anything to contradict?»

«Well, no.»

«I never heard so much sound truth in my life before.»

I went home with him and we slept together that night, and we talked upon many

of the errors of Christianity while we lay in bed.

The next day I returned, I think in the first train, to Moneymore. Upon arriving there I met the young woman and told her I could see that this «Mormonism» had taken a complete hold of me. I coolly looked over all the circumstances from the beginning, and I could see distinctly that there was a providence in it. Then I began to pray most earnestly and seriously that if this thing was of God, He would allow nothing to prevent me from accepting it.

The next thing I remember was meeting Edward Sloan. He came to Magharafelt as an agent for this flower embroidery that the Irish peasant girls used to work on hoops, and we became very well acquainted. I had very little rest. There was always an urging to go and be baptized, and then an influence opposing it.

In passing through Magharafelt one day, as near as I can remember in the month of June, '55, I called to see Edward Sloan, and there was a man there whom he introduced to me as John D. T. McAllister, saying that he was from «the valley.»

At this moment a young woman came in and asked, «Is this where the well-paid work is?» For Edward Sloan had passed around bills stating that by applying there they would get work that would be well paid.

Mr. McAllister said, «Yes, we have some well-paid work here.»

Of course I knew that he meant the Gospel. I merely repeat this to show how distinctly I remember everything as it occurred.

I told Mr. McAllister that I would like to speak to him alone, so we stepped outside together.

«Now,» I said, «Mr. McAllister, this is a serious business with me, and if you know of any fraud or deceit in this, I beg of you to stop right here. You tell me that if I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and repent of my sins and am baptized for the remission of

them, I shall receive an evidence, or testimony, that this work is of God.»

«That is what we are sent to do,» he said.

«And suppose I believe, as I do, in the Lord Jesus Christ and have repented of my sins,»—remembering the scene that took place upon the car going from Magharafelt to Moneymore—«if I should be baptized and receive no Holy Ghost, what then?»

«Then I would go out again,» he answered.

«In going out, I will expose you for all that rests in my power for being an imposter, and I advise you strongly that if you have not all faith in this thing, to stop here.»

Edward Sloan came out and asked, «Will you be baptized?»

«Yes,» I said.

Then the three of us walked along towards the country, and I believe almost every breath I drew was a prayer that if this was the Lord's work nothing should prevent me, but that if it was not His work something would prevent me. We walked along looking for water, but no water appeared.

Edward Sloan said, «We will find water if we have to walk till morning.»

A little farther on we came to a pond or little bay.

«Here,» said Brother McAllister, «is water. Now, young man, give me your hand and listen to what I have to say before you go into the water. Are you willing to obey the commands of God as they are given to you from time to time by His servants?»

«Yes,» I said, «if I find them to be His servants.»

I then went into the water, he taking me by the hand, and I thought I had never heard a more beautiful sentence in my life than when he caught me by the hands and said, «Being commissioned of Jesus Christ, I baptize you,» etc.

Just as he immersed me in the water we



heard a tremendous roll of thunder over our heads. Whether the storm might have been gathering or not I cannot say, for my mind was completely occupied in praying and thinking of what I was doing.

«The devil does not seem pleased at what we are doing,» said Brother McAllister.

I heard Edward Sloan say on the banks, «Thanks be to God! One more out of Babylon.»

There came on a very light sprinkling of rain, and when I dressed he said, «Now sit down and I will confirm you.»

I sat down on the grass and he laid his hands upon my head. When he came to the

words, «and I say unto you, receive thou the Holy Ghost,» a spirit of peace, happiness, joy and intelligence entered me, such a happy feeling as I had never before felt. He asked me if I was satisfied. I said I was. We then went to a house—friends, I think, of Brother McAllister—and stopped there for some time. Then I walked alone into Moneymore. The next day the daughter of the man William, of whom I have spoken before, asked me if in my baptism I had received this Holy Spirit.

I said, «That is a plain question, and it deserves a plain answer. Unmistakably, yes.»  
*C. Y. Taggart.*



## SHORT STORIES.

[FROM THE ENGLISH CLASSES OF THE BRIGHAM YOUNG ACADEMY.]

### THE GHOST IN THE BARN.

**T**HERE goes Joe to the barn after the horse and buggy,» said Tom White. «I guess he's going to see his girl again. Seems as if he thinks I don't have any rights at all any more; but I'll get even with him. You see if I don't!»

«How you goin' to do it?» asked Pete Tracy.

«Just you come to me for plans and specifications. My hand's full of 'em,» said Ted Murphy.

«Well, give 'em to us,» said both of the other boys.

«Don't like to in here. 'Fraid somebody'll hear us. This old woodshed wasn't built for hatchin' plots in. Bet I could throw a cat through that crack.»

«Well, go ahead an' tell us how we can

get even with Joe,» said Tom. «He's the only person round the place just now, and he's in the barn, so nobody'll hear you.»

«Well, as soon as Joe goes, we'll go and fix the barn so nobody can get out only through the front door. An' we'll fasten down the trap doors that open into the loft, an' put a ladder on the outside, so we can climb into the hay. Then, when Joe comes back and goes into the barn to take the horse, we'll lock him in, an' then we'll go up to the loft and make him think he's in a haunted house an' it's just full of ghosts.»

«But,» said Pete, «Joe won't be back till about midnight.»

«Well, if you're 'fraid to stay in the barn that long you'd better go home to your ma.»

«Oh, I ain't afraid, Ted. Only what are we going to do when Joe comes?»

«Well, I'll tell you that after a while.»

That night the three boys stole out to prepare for Joe's coming. Having climbed up the ladder into the loft, they waited until they heard the sound of wheels.

«Seems like there ain't much moon to-night,» said Ted.

«I wonder how long Joe will be,» said Pete, rather anxiously.

«Oh, mebbe he won't be here for two or three hours yet,» said Tom. «He's not in any hurry to leave the girls. Mighty big swell, Joe is, since he came back from the Brigham Young Academy. Thinks he knows all there is to know.»

«Well, we'll show him that he ain't very well acquainted with ghosts,» said Ted. «Good thing there's a hole in the roof to let in what little moonlight there is, ain't it, Pete?»

«Yes, but I'm getting sleepy.»

«Better not go to sleep, or the spooks will get you, sure. Now, just listen while I tell you how I'll scare Joe.»

«All right, go ahead,» answered the other boys, and Ted began, in what he considered a most bloodcurdling tone:

«I was murdered in this barn, and my ghost shall never leave it until I am revenged!»

«Hurrah! You'd better go on the stage,» said Tom. «For all Joe knows so much, that voice of yours is enough to scare him into graveyard fits.»

«Say,» said Pete, «I wonder if a man ever was killed in here! Such things have happened.»

«Yes, dozens of them,» said Ted. «But let's keep still now, for Joe will surely be here soon. It must be nearly twelve o'clock.»

The boys sat still for a few minutes, then hearing a slight noise in the corner farthest from them, they turned, and were horrified to see the trap door slowly rising, and a

grinning, fiery face coming up into the loft.

«A ghost!» yelled Pete, as the three sprang to their feet.

The apparition still moved slowly upward.

Pete turned and started toward the little door by which they had entered.

The ghost was up in the loft by this time, and slowly moved toward them.

The door was closed, and Pete's greatest efforts could not push it open.

«Open it, and get out, Pete,» said Tom.

«I can't. It's fastened on the outside.»

The tall, white form was near them now, so the boys rushed to the corner where it had come up, but the trap-door was securely fastened. They pushed and pulled, but their efforts were useless, and the ghost had turned and was again coming towards them.

The boys ran along the side of the room and into another corner. The ghost still followed them. Pete stumbled and fell.

«Help me, boys!» he shouted. «It's after me.»

The boys didn't stop. Pete was on his feet in a second and in the corner with Tom and Ted. They all crouched down on the floor. The ghost sprang toward them.

«I'm killed!» yelled Pete.

«So am I!» echoed each of the other boys, as they tried to push their heads through the floor.

Then the place suddenly became light, and a familiar voice said:

«Well, boys, if you've had enough of this ghost dance, we'll go home and go to bed,» and looking up they saw Joe, holding a sheet in one hand and a lantern in the other. His face looked rather yellow, or green, the boys said to each other afterward. He opened the trap-door and went down, followed by three sheepish-looking boys.

«Guess the old horse is asleep,» said Joe.

«I put him in before nine tonight.»

The boys didn't say anything; but they



are going to flog the first boy that says anything to them about sheets, or even about

the «brimstone,» as they call it, that Joe keeps corked up in a bottle in his room.

*Annie Carruth.*



### DO THE DUTY BEFORE YOU.

**3** OHNNY GREEN felt his lot was very hard indeed. His father had sent him down to the field to gather the rocks off from the lucern patch. Being so close to town, he could hear the boys and girls playing and enjoying themselves in every direction, and seeing so many rocks everywhere, he muttered to himself:

«It's useless to try. If I worked hard all day, I could not get half these rocks off;» and he felt that his father was unjust to him, and that everybody abused him. He had worked hard in school, and had just graduated, though not much past fifteen; and for his father to ask him to come here and do this mean and common work when they could hire any boy to do it for a very few cents a day he considered a shame.

So he sat down on a pole fence feeling very gloomy, and not at all enjoying the lovely spring day, like the little birds who sang and twittered about him in the gayest fashion. Nor did he see the tender green leaves and many other beauties of nature all around him.

Time passed on—ten o'clock, eleven o'clock—Johnny still sat immovable, brooding over his troubles. Suddenly he heard someone coming, and on looking up he saw it was his father.

«Taking a rest, Johnny? I don't blame you, it's such a nice day and everything looks delightful. How are you getting along with the rocks?»

«It's no use to go at it, father; there are

too many for one alone,» the boy sullenly replied.

«Too many? Why? Just take one at a time, and keep at it.»

«It would take days to do it; and I hate to be alone. Can't I have Carl Fix help me?»

«You could if necessary, but I believe you can easily do it alone. You know I told you that if we could do our work alone this summer, you might go to the academy next winter. Now let me advise you: Here you have four acres; divide it, and take one acre for each day, and go at it with a will, and you will find it will work just fine. It's nearly noon now, and I'll sit down with you for a while and tell you how I felt when I was a boy and was sent out in the field to work. I hope that you may profit from my experience.

«You know that my parents embraced the Gospel and emigrated to this country when I was very young. We located in this place and father soon secured a few acres of land, but being poor, of course, and having a numerous family, he worked at his trade, blacksmithing, most of the time, leaving the field work to us boys—my brother David and myself; and as we had not yet secured a team, most of the work, such as the ditch-making and the hoeing of corn and potatoes, was done by hand and with tools fashioned by our own father.

«In the summer of 186—(when the mines at B— had lately been discovered) we had been incessantly at work, helping father in the shop and putting in all our spare time in the

field. One particular morning, I remember it as though it were yesterday, we were hoeing potatoes. It was a very hot day and there was not a tree around as you see now. David could talk of nothing but the mines.

«I say, Sammy! It's a shame to have to work in this manner all the time and make nothing. If we went to the mines we could make lots of money and help our parents pay their emigration debt in no time. If only I could get you to go, we'd skip this minute!»

«What'll our parents do?» I queried.

«Why, they'll feel bad, of course they will, but if we can send them a few hundred dollars in a short time I guess they'll get over it.»

«David was sixteen and I was a little younger. Now, Johnny, just think how foolish boys can be when they give way to discontent! There we left tools and all in the field, commencing our fifty mile tramp to the mines, leaving our dear parents in ignorance as to our whereabouts, and I assure you that never shall I forget that first day's weary march—how tired, how foot-sore and hungry I was. As it began to grow dark, I very nearly cried; but David, who was strong in his convictions, urged me on. Reaching a small settlement we went in and begged for something to eat, and then slept in a straw-stack. Next morning early we resumed our journey, hiding or avoiding the road when seeing teams coming, for fear of meeting someone from home.

«On the third day we finally reached the mines. When I saw the place I was entirely disheartened. I had pictured something very nice and pleasant in my mind. Instead of that I beheld a most wretched-appearing place, a lot of miserable shanties and dug-outs, and the men I saw I thought looked still worse—all smoking, swearing and looking most untidy. Any kind of food seemed scarce, and we found it very difficult to get enough bread to satisfy our hunger. At one place we would be called 'greenhorns,' at another they would tell us we would better hurry home to our mama; and I can

assure you I began to get pretty sick of our escapade, and wished that I was back home again.

«All at once we came across old Brother Walker, who you know still lives up here.

«Why, boys! you rascals, you! Don't you know you've earned a sound thrashing for running away? Your mother has cried herself sick. I cheered her up a little though. I inferred from David's talk one day that you had caught the fever, too; and being that I was coming right up here with freight, I told the folks I would fetch you back all right. Come on now down to the wagon and have something to eat. We'll start for home early in the morning.»

«I won't go home with you,» David spoke up.

«Slowly, slowly, my boy,» Brother Walker said, as he advanced toward David and was going to take hold of him. But the latter was aroused in an instant. Striking Brother Walker's arm aside, he jumped from within reach.

«I understood David—I knew how determined he could be, and began to fear trouble. I had welcomed Brother Walker, glad for a chance to get home, and plead with David with much fervency to come with us. Brother Walker also reasoned with him in every way possible.

«I am determined,» the boy said, «that I shall not go home unless you kill me first. I am not going to slave all my life and never make anything.»

«A sad night I spent, very much concerned about my brother. Next morning we started out to hunt him. Brother Walker wanted to give David one more chance before we went home. Our search was fruitless. He had evidently hidden so as to avoid us.

«When Brother Walker and I reached home, I can tell you I felt very much ashamed of myself. The family was in an uproar. Mother and the children all cried. Father scolded, and nearly cried, too, and I tell you I went to work with a will the next



day. Home seemed all at once the nicest place on earth.»

«What became of Uncle David, then?» Johnny inquired.

«Poor David, I never saw his face again in this life—hope to in the next, though. He was a very determined boy and far smarter than I have ever been, but made that great mistake, namely, disobeying his parents. Surely the Lord made no mistake when He gave the commandment:

«Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord Thy God giveth thee.»

«After I got home, Mother plead with Father to go up and get David home, but Father thought otherwise. (Let him stay awhile,) Father would say; (he may appreciate home the better.)

«Through freighters we learned that he had secured employment; and in the fall Father finally yielded to Mother's entreaties and took a trip to the mine. On arriving there he only found that David had just left for some other camp, nobody knew just where. The following year he wrote us—the first, last and only time. He sent fifty dollars, and humbly begged Father's and

Mother's forgiveness for causing them so much anxiety; wished he had stayed home, but since he had now got so far away, he felt as though he must stay a while longer, so as not to come home empty-handed.

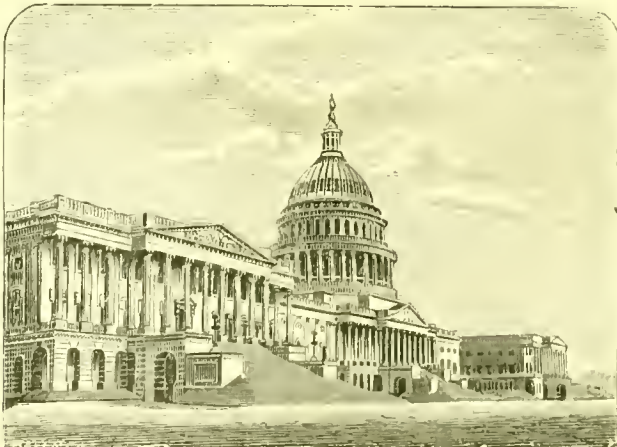
«Two years later we learned that he had accidentally got killed, not hearing of it until several months after the accident had occurred, and never even having the consolation of finding his grave.

«Now, if I had only been firm and dutiful to my parents, David might never have gone away. This is a thought which I cannot escape. Johnny, my dear boy, profit by such experience.» And Brother Green covered his eyes with his handkerchief and seemed entirely lost in thoughts of the beloved brother so long since dead.

Johnny silently wiped his eyes and looked about. Somehow everything seemed bright all at once. In an instant he was at work, and with a will, too. He had forgotten all about his gloom, only having one thing in mind, and that was «the duty before him.»

«Johnny,» his father called after awhile; «you have forgotten all about dinner; I guess Mother has been waiting for us a good while by this time.»

C. N.



## EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

### HINTS ON HOT WEATHER AND HOLIDAYS.

**D**URING the past two or three weeks the people in this valley have been experiencing a period of extreme heat. Those who claim to be posted on such matters declare that no spell of such hot weather has ever before been known here. It has certainly been very severe, and at times intense; and there is the prospect of its continuing without much moderation for six or eight weeks yet, the weather records of the past showing that August is generally about as hot as July. Fortunately we still enjoy our far-famed cool nights, which is a blessing beyond price; and with our lake and mountains near at hand, the opportunities for change and relaxation are easy and numerous.

A great deal of so-called recreation, however, is nothing but a sham. It has become quite the custom with a great many men and boys, and not a few women and girls, to think that a two or three weeks trip or "outing" is positively necessary to them every summer. For days before they start, their heads are full of plans and preparations, and for days after they get back, they are incapable, through fatigue or some other reason, of settling down to their work in a hearty and energetic manner. Every employer knows that the day after a holiday his work drags and his workmen are listless. This is necessarily even more the case after a prolonged vacation. Then, on the side of the employe, the appetite for holidays seems to be whetted by what it feeds upon. A little boy told us solemnly a few days ago that he was always sorry when Christmas night came, because he knew the next day would not be Christmas, and he hated to have that delightful occasion come to an end. A similar feeling no doubt enters the minds of children of a larger growth when the end of their holiday is at hand. They look forward almost with

disgust to the resumption of their labors and the coming back to the serious business of life. They have spent money and time in seeking what they call pleasure; if they find it, it is soon only a memory at best, whose main purpose appears to be to keep alive a yearning for more.

Yet holidays and vacations enjoyed rationally and taken not too frequently are by no means to be condemned. In these days of intelligence and advancement, the ceaseless grind of toil day in and day out, with never a rest or change, save the few hours spent at meals or in sleep, is not necessary, and ought not to be required. The constant wearing of the same parts will in time cause a breakdown of the best machine—even that most wonderful and most perfect creation, the human system. Reason should govern in this as well as in everything else. A change of surroundings, a change of labor even, is of itself a rest, and rest or change is recreation. Not everybody can take a vacation to the canyons or at the sea-coast; but there are few who cannot contrive to secure some little change or relaxation from time to time, and thus give the weary or worn-out tissue a chance to recuperate.

The main thing is to pay some attention to the simple laws of health. Everybody can do that much, whether there be holidays or vacations or not. Cleanliness of the body is a prime essential. It is true there is some scarcity of water this season, but there will be enough to keep people's bodies clean if they will only use it. Cleanliness and common sense in the matter of food are equally important. There is little use in scouring the outside if rubbish and vileness are regularly loaded up within. The Word of Wisdom is profoundly applicable to such seasons as this, true and sound as it is at all times. Meat should be eaten sparingly, if at all; hot drinks should be avoided, intoxicants shunned as one would a poison. If people will be

clean in all things and temperate in all things, and moderate and reasonable in recreation as well as in work, the heat will not kill or injure many of them.



#### HOW FAITH, FASTING AND PRAYER HELPED A STUDENT.

THE writer of the following testimony desires that his name be withheld from publication, not, as he says, because he is ashamed to sign it, but for other reasons. His narration of personal experience was brought out by the perusal of the biography of Elder Grant, published in the last number of this magazine; and he gives as its purpose, not to put himself forward, but to give praise to our Heavenly Father and to acknowledge His hand in all things:

«There is a great deal of success in having an object in view and making plans to attain your ends. Success, of course, is the Lord's; but there is no reason why the Lord should not grant His approbation to any laudable enterprise, especially when faith is coupled with works. The following may illustrate this point:

«As student in a foreign university, I approached with trepidation the examination. But I prepared myself, by study and by faith also. The candidates were to be asked by the examiners to speak upon certain topics,

the selection of which was, of course, left to the examiners themselves. I went upon my knees and besought the Lord to guide me to select whatever subjects would fall to my lot, and I selected at random out of my text books and put down on a list whatever title met my eyes. Some other subjects I selected myself out of my own stock of knowledge. Thus prepared, I went to the examination, feeling much relieved in mind, and encouraged to meet my professors, who, it is hardly necessary to say, knew nothing whatever of my plans. Every topic I was given by the examiners was either the one I had selected myself, or else some one I was equally well acquainted with; and at the close of the examination I was awarded my diploma with 'good' and 'very good' examination notes. My heart was full of joy and gratitude toward God, who had so graciously heard and answered my prayers.

«To show that this signal success was not a mere result of chance, I will add that some three or four months previous, I had tried the same examination and failed to pass. The reasons for my failure were several: I had lost several months by sickness, then worked too hard before the examination, and had never tried the power of faith. But this second time, I had not only studied, but exercised my faith, and went to the examination fasting and praying.»



#### TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

##### THE RECENT CONVENTIONS AT PHILADELPHIA AND KANSAS CITY.

**P**HILADELPHIA is known as the City of Brotherly Love—this is, in fact, the meaning of the name. It was founded, originally settled and named by the peace-loving Quakers, and it has pursued a sober, dignified, quiet career during almost

the entire period of its existence. But if it had never had or deserved the name before, it surely earned it last month, on the occasion of the great national Republican convention, when the party's candidates for the offices of President and Vice-President of the United States were chosen, and the party's platform of principles was adopted.

Probably no such harmonious national con-



vention has ever been held in the history of American politics—for in the early days, when the voters and the politicians were less excitable and more staid and matter-of-fact than they are now, the affair which we call a political convention was not known. Only as politics grew along to the dignity of a profession or a business, did the modern practices connected with the profession come into use. A party convention nowadays means a great gathering of men with various favorite candidates for whose success they are pledged to work to the utmost extent of their power. Sometimes these men owe their selection as delegates to the skill with which they have handled the party machine; and very frequently they are not averse to entering into any kind of a bargain or combination, by which to promote the ends they have in view. Before the time for the convention to open, there are «headquarters» of favorite candidates here and there in the convention city, and the friends of these candidates are busy day and night in «bringing in» and otherwise paying attention to those whose support they hope to get. By this time the brass bands, the decorations, the fireworks and the processions will have begun; and by the time the convention is ready to open, excitement is at the highest pitch. Then, when the vast assemblage is at last called to order, there begins a scene of frantic cheering, ear-splitting roars, wild waving of handkerchiefs, hats and banners, impromptu processions around the hall, etc., etc., which is scarcely suspended for a moment until the convention adjourns, and everybody tries to feel satisfied with the candidates chosen and the work done.

Such are the methods of the modern convention, but nothing of the kind was needed at the recent Philadelphia gathering. Of course there was all the cheering and the enthusiasm that anybody could have asked for, but that was mainly in the acknowledgment of results which were fully known and expected beforehand. There was no occasion for headquarters or for button-holing, or for promises

or bargains, because everybody knew as well weeks ago as it is known now that President McKinley was going to be the unanimous choice of his party for re-election. If there was not the same feeling of certainty as to the candidate for the vice-presidency, it was only because the former incumbent of the office had lately died, and the man whom the party wanted as his successor hesitated about accepting it, in fact, actually declined it until it was thrust upon him by the unanimous voice of the convention. There was not even any quarrel, or prospect of one, as to the party platform. The policy of the administration during the last three years and over, is of necessity its platform for this campaign—and this is as well known to and understood by the country as though it were written in a hundred platforms.

The work before the Republican convention was therefore easy, and the delegates performed their simple part with great unanimity. A peaceful, brotherly feeling seemed to pervade the entire body, and even party leaders who were well known to be hostile towards one another, forgot all their differences in the spirit of good feeling which dominated the convention. It was an altogether unique and interesting incident in American politics.

The re-nomination of Mr. McKinley, however, was no more a foregone conclusion at Philadelphia in June than was the re-nomination of Mr. Bryan at Kansas City in July. It would have been the mark of a poor politician to attempt to defeat the young Nebraskan. No combinations to effect his nomination were needed, and none to hinder it could have been possible. There was all due unanimity on this point, therefore, and with it were as much of enthusiasm and of the evidences of delight as could have been desired. Not so harmonious, however, were the labors incident to the framing of the platform; and if an open fight on some of its declarations was averted in the convention, it was only because of concessions and con-

ciliations agreed to by the committee which prepared the platform. On the silver question notably there is a wide diversity of view between different elements of the party; and those who think the presidential candidate too radical and extreme in his attitude on this question are so numerous and influential that it must be regarded as more than a trivial dispute. While the candidate for the vice-presidency was nominated without any lengthy and embittered struggle, the nomination was nevertheless not passed up to him in the generous, unanimous and highly enthusiastic way in which the thing was done in Philadelphia.

The candidates and the policies they represent are now before the people, and from this time on until election day, they will be much discussed. Whether for the four years beginning with March 4th, 1901, it will be McKinley and Roosevelt or Bryan and Stevenson, the ballots of the people as cast in November next will determine.



#### THE PIONEERS, THEIR DAY, AND WHY WE HONOR THEM.

WE are nearing the fifty-third anniversary of the coming of the Pioneers into the valley of the Great Salt Lake. Very few of the original band are left, and even of the other companies which came here in 1847, the first year, the number of surviving members is small. As they disappear from our midst, leaving the stage of action to a younger generation, the feeling of gratitude for what they were led to do, and of pride for the sturdy way in which they did it, becomes ever stronger and more widespread. It seems to be a peculiarity of mankind to reserve the greater measure of respect and affection for those who deserve it until after they are gone. Daily association and acquaintance with goodness or greatness frequently causes one to belittle or fail to appreciate it. It is true that for many years past the Pioneers have

been regarded with the greatest honor and esteem; but this feeling is stronger and deeper now than it ever was before, and as the years roll on, it will become even deeper and stronger than it is now.

Men sometimes build better than they know. That is why the future gives them more admiration and respect than the time in which they live. Their cotemporaries, those who mingle with them and watch their movements from day to day, are no more able to appreciate the results of their labors than are the builders themselves. It is only as time passes, only as the full scope and strength and beauty of the fabric is developed, only as the acorn, so to speak, going through the sapling stage reaches the dignity and grandeur of the mighty oak, that the real value of and credit for the earlier work can be properly given. Under such circumstances men must be content to wait for their full reward till after they are dead; and the longer they wait, the greater will be their meed of admiration and renown, provided their first works were deserving and worthy.

Those of the Pioneers who are still alive must be abundantly satisfied with the results which have followed their beginning in these valleys of the mountains. Filled as they were with righteous zeal, the minds of many of them opened by inspiration and prophecy to see beyond the day and the year of their coming, it is nevertheless doubtful whether the most sanguine of them could have believed that in half a century so wonderful a thing could have occurred as has been witnessed in the conquest of the desert and the gathering hither of Israel from all nations. Truly it has been a marvellous work and a wonder! Envy or bigotry cannot belittle the achievement, and skepticism cannot ignore the hand and help of a Power more than human!

All honor to the Pioneers, both living and dead! All praise to Him who led our fathers to this land and made their feet fast in these goodly chambers of the mountains!

*The Editor.*



## FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

### THE BEGGAR AT THE GATE.

OUR Savior had a way of teaching truth by parable—that is, He would illustrate His idea by telling a story, the point and moral of which every hearer

could understand. These stories and parables are very beautiful and full of meaning, and they explain some of the grandest truths ever presented to man.

Our picture represents one of the best





known of the Lord's parables. It is found in the 16th chapter of Luke. Lazarus was a poor man, a beggar, full of sores, who was laid at the gate of a rich man, desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table. Lazarus was so wretched that the dogs came and licked his sores; the rich man wore the nicest clothes—purple and linen, and had the choicest food—he «fared sumptuously every day.» Yet when they both came to die, the poor man was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom, while the rich man endured torment in hell, and even implored that the former beggar might be sent to dip the tip of his finger in water to cool the sufferer's parching tongue. The answer was that the rich man had received his good things during his lifetime, while the poor man had received evil things; but now the one was comforted while the other was tormented.

The lesson is not that the having of riches is of itself a crime nor a condition of poverty a sure sign of bliss hereafter. The Lord did not mean that every rich man would be «tormented,» and that every poor man would be received into Abraham's bosom. The idea was that the humble and the poor and afflicted in this world were not to be despised because of their condition, by those who allowed their wealth to make them proud and haughty and selfish. The purpose was to show that it is the soul of man, not his fine clothes or his money, that our Father places value upon. It was also intended as a rebuke to the self-righteous, the covetous and those lifted up in the pride of their hearts. And to those who read and remember it, it ought to prove a

constant reminder of the duty of being kind and thoughtful towards the poor and in any way giving to others less fortunate some of the comfort and help which can always be so easily bestowed.



### THE BUTTERFLY BALL.

O say, you must hear  
 'Bout my story so queer:  
 And the beautiful Butterfly Ball—  
 As they sailed through the air,  
 In their chariots so fair,  
 With Horseflies their baggage to haul.

Without many words,  
 They invited the birds,  
 But only the sweet birds that sing;  
 To sing them a song,  
 As they all flew along;  
 And fanned with their beautiful wings.

Now the big Butterflies,  
 With their pretty black eyes—  
 I'm sure that you ne'er saw the like—  
 On their red-daisy wheels,  
 They kicked up their heels  
 And rode on a Snap-Dragon bike.

They all sang a song,  
 As they glided along  
 O'er fields, lakes, and pine trees so tall—  
 They sang with their might,  
 «We'll have great fun tonight,  
 We're off to the Butterfly Ball.»

The sun just went down  
 As they flew to a lawn,  
 Surrounded by beautiful bowers.  
 Then they all took a rest,  
 And, dressed in their best,  
 Got ready to dance midst the flowers.

No stinking oil lamps,  
 Fit only for tramps;  
 But Firefly lanterns so clear—  
 And the big, silver moon,  
 Made it 'most light as noon—  
 I guess 'twas their big chandelier.

Now they all promenade,  
 To the music that's made  
 By a Mocking Bird perched on a rail—

By the light of the moon  
 They trip to the tune  
 Sent forth by the sweet Nightingale.

Then the picnic they had,  
 It made them feel glad;  
 'Twas not made of pies, cakes, and beer—  
 It was sweet honey drops,  
 From the scented flower tops,  
 With dew drops, bright, sparkling and clear.

They played «tag» and «pomp,»  
 «Steal sticks,» and then romped;  
 And waltzed to the Mocking Bird's tune—  
 They swung round and round,  
 Without touching the ground;  
 As they skip'd by the light of the moon.

Soon a big Dragonfly,  
 So crafty and sly;  
 Came sneaking around for to steal;  
 But the Queen-Butterfly  
 Stuck her foot in his eye,  
 And smashed his old wings with her wheel.

«Now let us all sing,»  
 Said the Butterfly King;  
 «And join in the Mocking Bird's call.»  
 So they all took the wing,  
 On their bikes they did ring,  
 «Hurrah! for the Butterfly Ball!»

[Written for the St. George Primary by C. L. Walker.]



## FAVIE'S SCRAPES AND SCRAMBLES.

### VIII.

The winter cold,  
 The spring time bold,  
 Each gives us pleasure in its way;  
 I like July;  
 I'll tell you why,  
 It brings us Independence Day.

Less than three months after the martyrdom of the Prophet, Favie's Grandpa Kane died at Nauvoo. He had been one of the near and faithful friends of Joseph Smith; and he wrought among the foremost to continue the work which God had established by the hand of that great Prophet. Exposure

and overwork hastened the death of Grandpa Kane, as they did of many others.

Soon after the death of his father, which occurred early in September, Brother Kane moved his family from Camp Creek into Nauvoo.

There Favie and Rhoda went to school, first to a Brother Harde and then to their father's sister, Nancy.

Going home from school one evening, Favie became interested in a conversation which he happened to hear between some men. The talk was on politics, of the election of a new president, Polk, and his opponent, Dallas. When he reached home, Favie told his mother there was going to be a new president of the United States, and it would be either «Pork» or «Dollars.» That was what he had understood the men to say.

It is not unlikely that at that time, (as at present,) conversation on politics often savored strongly of both «porkishness» and the «dollar question.» So the little boy might not have been so far wrong in his idea of the country's affairs, after all; though his mistake in the names of the men who were running for the presidency made his parents smile, perhaps laugh.

While Brother David Harde was teaching school he became very ill. His mother was a widow and the Saints were much interested in her and her sick son, who, it seemed, was going to die. The sisters did all they could to help and comfort them; and the Elders went often and administered to David. Still he grew worse, and even the little children began to think that perhaps their dear school teacher was never going to be able to open school again.

One day Sister Kane and Aunt Nancy

took the children and "went a-visiting" to Sister Young's, down the hill. That afternoon a very strange thing happened. A short time before Sister Kane and Aunt Nancy started home with the children, a neighbor came into Sister Young's and told them David Harde was dead. The news was not unexpected and created little surprise, as it had been looked for several days. But the strange part of this story happened to the sisters while they were on their way home. Just at the brow of the hill they had to climb, the children had run on ahead, and whom should the sisters meet but the identical sick or dead man, *David Harde!* He did not speak, or even look at them; and they in their surprise at seeing him there, passed him without speaking, a thing they regretted afterwards. Both Sister Kane and Aunt Nancy, in wonderment, turned and looked after David Harde descending the hill. There could be no mistake about it, it was actually he. And one said to the other, "How stories will go! We were just told that that man was dead, and here he is, walking about."

When they called at his mother's, they learned that at nearly the same moment in which they met him, David's spirit had left his body; but that the body had never left the house since he came home sick.

Favie's mother used to say that that was the only unaccountable thing she had ever witnessed in her life. There was only one thing to believe about it, and that was, that the spirit of David Harde, in passing from this life to the next, had manifested itself to those two friends. But for what reason they never knew.

Aunt Nancy took the school afterwards, but whether David's supernatural appear-

ance to her and her sister-in-law at the time of his death had any influence or weight in that matter or not is an unsettled question.

This true story, which was confirmed by two truthful, earnest women, may be thrown in with the testimonies of thousands of others, to show that occasionally evidences are given to mortals, proving that there is a future existence to which the spirit passes when the body dies, whatever unbelievers may have to say of such things.

The summer of 1845 found the Saints at Nauvoo in no spirit for celebrating Independence Day. Two years before, the Fourth of July had been a very grand day with them. But one year ago, the treachery of men in high places, and the cruelty of lawless mobocrats had put to death their honored and beloved Prophet and Patriarch, only one week before the Nation's greatest gala day; and the hearts of the Saints were too sore to cheer and make merry. A few of the young men and boys raised "The Stars and Stripes," and fired a shot or two, but no general celebration was attempted.

Favie was naturally patriotic, and seeing the flag on the liberty-pole made him want one too. He talked with his sisters about it, and Rhoda, who was like a little woman in the house, hunted up a piece of old, wide-striped bed-ticking, which answered for white and blue. Then their mother let them have a small strip of new red flannel, which completed the national colors. Aunt Nancy sewed the strips together for them, and fastened them to a stick which Favie got for a flag-staff; and thus the little ones were made happy, while they marched about the yard, waving their banner of red, white and blue.



Their mother and aunt taught them how to play prettily. Favie and Rhoda, with paper caps, were great generals. Four-year-old Nelly, with wavy, flaxen hair, smiling blue eyes and rosy, dimpled cheeks, placed upon the table and seated on a little box, made a lovely Goddess of Liberty. And Baby Eva, only two years old, who could think of more fun and chatter it off in a more original way than any other baby, was orator, and quickly learned this little speech, partly her own, and partly Aunt Nancy's putting together:

«Ladies and gentlemen, how do you do?  
I'm happy to see you all here in Nauvoo.  
Our house is but small, and our fare only poor,  
But you're all very welcome to dinner, I'm  
    sure.  
We are living on beans, not a thing else have  
    we,  
But our mother's the best of all cooks, you  
    will see;  
For at holiday times, like the Fourth of July,  
When she wants something extra, she makes  
    a bean pie.»

While this little oration was being wildly applauded, especially by gay, laughter-loving «General» Favie, [Brother Kane came home from a council meeting held by some of the brethren. His heart was heavy and his spirits low, for the enemies of the Saints were making terrible threats of what they were going to do with the «Mormons» if they did not leave the State of Illinois at once. But when his little ones gathered around him, and in their childish innocence told him of the merry time they were having and begged him to join them, he yielded to their loving appeals and talked and laughed with them, feeling stronger and more hopeful for so doing. And after dinner he taught them these

appropriate lines which he had read years before in a newspaper:

DIALOGUE BETWEEN FATHER AND SON—FOR  
INDEPENDENCE DAY.

*Child.*—

Father, look up and see that flag,  
How gracefully it flies;  
Those pretty stripes, they seem to be  
A rainbow in the skies.

*Father.*—

It is our country's flag, my son,  
And proudly drinks the light,  
O'er ocean waves, in foreign lands,  
A symbol of our might.

*Child.*—

Father, what means that dreadful sound,  
Like thunder in the clouds?  
Why do the people wave their hats,  
And rush along in crowds?

*Father.*—

It is the noise of cannonry,  
The glad shouts of the free;  
This is the day to memory dear,  
'Tis freedom's jubilee.

*Child.*—

I wish that I were now a man,  
I'd fire my cannon too;  
And cheer as loudly as the rest,  
But, father, why don't you?

*Father.*—

I'm getting old and weak, but still  
My heart is big with joy;  
I've witnessed many a day like this—  
Shout you aloud, my boy!

Ten days after that Fourth of July, another little sister was born to Favie. He was getting used to having sisters and no brothers, and did not grumble much about this one, for which he was afterwards glad. For sweet

little Annie, as she was named, had not come to stay with them very long.

But a short time after the birth of little Annie, Brother Kane left his family and went on a mission with Elder Franklin D. Richards, to Michigan.

*L. L. Greene Richards.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



### A NARROW ESCAPE.

Two men were at work in a Cornish mine in England. One day they were obliged to put a blast in a large rock they could not move. This was in a very deep shaft and the men were unable to get out without help from the top. So they had one man engaged to draw them up when the blast was ready to light. But he could not draw but one up at a time. So he was going to draw one up while the other lit the fuse. In this way both would get out of the shaft before the blast went off.

They were about to give the first signal, when Jack thought the fuse was too long. So he took two rocks and cut a short piece off, but to his dismay he lit the fuse at the same time.

Both men jumped into the bucket and gave the signal to be drawn up. But the man at the top could not move the bucket with both of them in it. So Jack said, "Go aloft, Will, in a few moments I will be in heaven." Jack went off in one corner and sat down. Will went up, but on his way he looked back to see his friend, as he supposed, for the last time. Just as he got to the top the blast went off and bruised his face badly, but he was safe on top of the ground.

"Where is poor Jack?" thought Will.

They soon went down to look for him and

found him under some large rocks, uninjured but bruised a little. He was soon on top of ground once more.

*Flossie Dudley.*



### TO THE LETTER-BOX.

SALT LAKE CITY.

I go to Sunday School, and to day school, and I am in the First A. I like to read the Little Letter-Box. I go to Primary also. I am my father's youngest child. I live on a farm. We have good times down here. We have two little puppy dogs.

I am your friend,

GEORGIUS CANNON. Aged 7.



FORT BRIDGER, WYOMING.

Our teacher in Sunday School wanted us to write to you, so I will try. I have got one brother and two sisters. I go to day school and Sunday School and am in the first intermediate class. I am nine years old. I have a little kitten named Whitefoot.

LILLIE JOHNSON.



I thought I would write a letter to you to let you know that I was well. I go to Primary and I think it does us a great deal of good to go. I go to school and I am in the second reader. I will stop now, hoping you are all well, as this letter leaves me at present.

From one of your primary readers,

MISS RUBY MCQUARRIE.



ST. DAVID, ARIZONA.

We take the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and I always go to Sunday School. I like to fast, and think I can get my lessons better when

I do. When I was three years old I had the measles and for some time one of my eyes was left very sore. I told Mama if she would put consecrated oil on my eye it would get well. I am thankful to say it is almost healed through the blessings of the Lord.

ThERESSA GOODMAN. Aged 13.



RICHFIELD, COLORADO.

Seeing the letters of the children in the JUVENILE, we thought we would write one. We go to Sunday School and religion class, and like our teachers very much. We know that the Gospel is true and that God hears and answers our prayers. When some of our loved ones are sick and we pray for them, they get better. We bear the testimony to all the world that the Gospel is true.

Your little friends,

DAVID E. SHAWCROFT. Aged 12.

JAMES R. SHAWCROFT. Aged 12.



POCATELLO, IDAHO.

This is the first time I have written to your readers. I am glad to have the privilege to do so. Last spring I was very sick; Mama called the Elders to administer to me and every time they came I felt better. I had faith in the Lord and I knew He would heal me. I love to go to Sunday School and to Primary because I know the Lord is there, and I always try to take my part when called upon. I hope the Lord will bless all the little children.

GOLDA KAY. Aged 9.



LA GRANDE, ORE.

We came out here on the 18th of April, and like our new home real well. We have

lately organized a Sunday School here; at first we had about thirty-five or forty members present. Although we are away from Zion, we have a little Zion here of our own. We live about four miles and a half from La Grande. We are talking of naming this place Springville. The weather here is fine.

Your friend,

ELLA WHITING.



LEWISTON, UTAH.

I will tell you about our Primary I go to nearly every Saturday. We have three grades in Primary. I am in the second grade. There are sixty children in the small grade, thirty in the second grade, and twenty in the highest. We are doing a good work in learning the Gospel. We have six officers in our Primary, and they are taking a great interest in the work. The boys in our Primary are learning to sing, so when they go on missions they will know how to sing. We have a harmonica band with a blind boy teaching us. His name is David O. Egbert. I will close, hoping to see this in print.

JENNIE HOLLIDAY. Aged 10.



FAIRVIEW, UTAH.

I have read many of the little letters in the JUVENILE. I thought I would write. I go to day school, Sunday School, Primary and religion class. We have many good times. I have three sisters and four brothers. My mother died October 20, 1898; she was thirty-nine years old, and my grandfather died the 16th of November 1899; he was one of the old pioneers who first came to Salt Lake City. He was 81 years old. My father is 47 years old.

FANNY TERRY. Aged 12.



## DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY A MEMBER OF THE BOARD.

### SUNDAY SCHOOL DISCIPLINE. XIII—PREPARATION FOR MISSIONS.

We have heretofore considered those means by which the general discipline of the Sabbath School could be built up, but the Sunday School is in itself a disciplinary means to certain duties and labors of the future. It will be helpful if some definite purpose of the Sunday School can be placed before the minds of the children in such a way as to make the Sunday School appear as a means to a greater end in life. Students do not always comprehend fully the benefits of the Sabbath School; they do not see just what definite purpose it is likely to have in their lives. It is true they realize that in a general way it is to make them better men and women, that somehow or other it helps them along in life. But the students would also like to know in just what way the Sunday School is to be helpful. They would like to link the Sabbath School with some beautiful imagination of their future life.

It is very easy for a teacher to create additional interest by holding up to the students' minds a missionary experience as one of the aims of the Sabbath School. The effects of missionary life in the young men who have gone abroad are observed by the Latter-day Saints everywhere. If great importance is attached to the work of spreading the Gospel abroad, boys will learn to take pleasure in the anticipation of a future that will permit them to preach the Gospel. Missionary experiences, therefore, will always be helpful if properly interspersed in the class exercises, and in general talks to the Sunday School at large. If the teacher has a number of valuable incidents in his own missionary experience they may be given to great advantage; but whether he has many experiences of a notable character in his own life, or whether he is obliged to look into the Faith-Promoting Series

or other works for the necessary and interesting incidents, it is safe to say that one or two may be given to advantage almost every Sunday. Our Church literature is full of rare episodes illustrating men's faith and divine interposition in their behalf. Indeed it is quite possible to have the students become at home what the missionary work requires of them abroad.

In the first place home habits may be taken up, and pupils may be shown the disadvantage of bad and ungainly habits to one who goes abroad and becomes associated with people in the world. The boys will soon be ambitious to become model missionaries. They are likely to give special attention to their personal appearance. They will be anxious to improve their appearance, and in every way become fitted for that work which it should be the highest ambition of every young man to accomplish. By showing the young people the direct advantage of Sunday School work, strong incentives are created within them and these incentives will in time be inseparably associated with the work of the Sabbath School. If the same incentives may not be awakened in the young ladies, similar ones at least may be aroused by holding up to them their future work as teachers in the Sabbath School, officers in the different associations, so that after all they are missionaries even if their missions are confined chiefly to their homes and do not take them abroad.

Now that the missionary work is growing in all parts of the world and the future seems so promising, it is highly desirable that as many returning missionaries be engaged in Sunday School work as possible. Sometimes it may be found very beneficial to ask the students to relate missionary experiences taken from the publications of our Church, especially as found in the Faith-Promoting Series, and Sketches of Missionary Life, by

E. F. Parry. There are numerous incidents in the early lives of the leading men of the Church that ought to be known by all our young people. These incidents have been recorded for the benefit of the young as a means of promoting faith.

I do not mean by these suggestions that the class recitations are to be turned into a search for such incidents, nor that the regular subject matter is to be neglected. These valuable experiences of our leaders can be introduced as incidental instruction intended to create incentives in the minds of the young and to help them understand some of the higher purposes and aims of the Sabbath School. Mention and praise of missionary work gives it great importance in the minds of the young, who will hope to become missionaries just in proportion to the importance which they attach to such work. It may become through the Sunday School an exalted ideal in the minds of the pupils and lead them to a higher appreciation of what the Sabbath School is doing for them.

*J. M. Tanner.*

#### BIBLE CHART NUMBER FIVE.

Bible Chart number five was received some months ago and is being distributed somewhat slowly among the schools of the Union. The introduction in the "Bible Chart Instructor" to the set named says:

"The pictures in this chart deal largely with miracles performed by Christ, our Savior, when He dwelt with men in the flesh. It will be well for the teacher to relate to his class, in connection with these lessons, instances where like manifestations of the power and mercy of God have occurred in these days, and cite examples of where the dead have been raised, the sick healed, evil spirits cast out, the hungry fed or the almost exhausted store of food replenished; also of accidents or dangers averted, sometimes by angelic visitations, sometimes by other mani-

festations of God's ever-watchful care over His covenant children. The chief lessons intended to be taught by this set of pictures is to exalt the name of Christ, to vindicate His Divinity and to show that God is the same in His dealings with His people yesterday, today and forever."

The subjects of this interesting chart are, first: Christ's first miracle; second, Christ and Nicodemus; third, Christ at Jacob's well; fourth, the nobleman's son healed; fifth, Christ's divine authority; sixth, feeding the five thousand; seventh, Christ healing the man who was born blind; eighth, Christ the Good Shepherd; ninth, the raising of Lazarus; tenth, the anointing in Bethany; eleventh, Jesus teaching humility; twelfth, Jesus, the Way, and the Truth, and the Life.

These subjects are well illustrated in the chart, and, as in the case of the Bible chart previously issued by the Union Board, are accompanied without extra charge, by the "Bible Chart Instructor," number five, which to the teacher will prove to be a most acceptable *rode mecum*.

The relationship of these Bible charts to our Sunday Schools, and the conditions under which the Union Board procure them for the benefit of the schools, do not seem to be generally understood; we therefore offer a few explanations thereon to our co-laborers. A large eastern firm possessed of most extensive facilities for this kind of art work and printing, issued charts, of twelve pictures each, quarterly. A short time after the printing of the number necessary for their circulation, the pictures are erased from the lithographic stones and the latter prepared for other designs. By an arrangement of the Sunday School Union Board with this firm, they, before destroying those engravings, strike off for the use of our Sunday Schools such pictures and quantity that we order, and on the completion of the twelve numbers necessary, and thus selected to make up our chart, the work is completed by binding them, with an outline map of Palestine or

map of some other section as a cover, into chart form.

That we may make a selection acceptable to us and those for whose interest and instruction we labor, the publishers furnish us from time to time with photographic copies in miniature of the forthcoming pictures. Each year we engage to take such a quantity of the charts we have approved as will supply our Sunday Schools situated in this intermountain region.

The chart, with the chart instructor, especially prepared by the Union Board as an aid to the teacher, is sold for one dollar. By this economical arrangement each of the schools in the forty-two stakes of Zion can be provided with a new and most useful Bible Chart annually.

We make this explanation so that all the schools in the region named who have not yet purchased the Bible chart number five may more clearly understand for the reasons presented, the necessity of doing so at once, as we desire to place our order with the publishers for the chart for the current year as soon as possible. Superintendents, please see if your school is provided with Bible Chart number five, and if not please order at once.



#### SUNDAY SCHOOL KINDERGARTEN TRAINING CLASSES.

Under date of Dec. 23rd, 1899, the Deseret Sunday School Union Board issued a circular on the subject of introducing Sunday School Kindergarten training classes in the Salt Lake and other stakes of Zion. In the circular they say :

«There has been felt for a long time by many of our leading Sunday School workers the want of proper provisions in our Sunday Schools for the entertainment and instruction of children under six years, or thereabout, and who, on that account, are not capable of taking part in the exercises of the Primary Department to any benefit to themselves.

«In consideration of this fact, the Deseret Sunday School Union Board has concluded to establish in our Sunday Schools a kindergarten or infant grade, as far as its methods and subject matter are conformable to the spirit and intent of our Sunday Schools, and whenever conditions are sufficiently favorable for its establishment.

«It is obvious, however, that the conducting of such classes should not be entrusted to persons, no matter how much qualified in other respects, that are not familiar with this kind of teaching, as harm would be done by such a course.

«The Deseret Sunday School Union Board has engaged, therefore, the services of Sister Donnetta Smith to conduct a kindergarten training course in the Latter-day Saint's College, for the benefit of the Sunday Schools in the Salt Lake Stake of Zion. Sister Smith has taken a three years' course in this line of work in one of the foremost institutions of the East, and we consider that her labor in this connection will be of great value to our Sunday Schools both in this and other stakes throughout the Church.

«Through the kindness of the president and trustees of the Latter-day Saints College, suitable rooms have been secured in the Templeton building in which to hold the class.

«We consider this an opportunity that should be taken advantage of by every school in this stake of Zion, each school calling at least two young women to attend. Where the ones called are not able to meet the expenses, the school should pay the fees, as it will get the benefit of the course.»

In accordance with the above, classes were formed and conducted by Sister Donnetta Smith, and some seventy-two members enrolled. On Saturday, the 23rd of June, the term expired; the concluding exercises being attended by President Joseph F. Smith; the general secretary of the Sunday School Union, Board, Horace S. Ensign; Willard C. Burton of the Salt Lake Stake Sunday School superintendency, and others. The affair was charac-



terized by the utmost good feeling, and the brethren named addressed the class in words of commendation, encouragement and counsel.

Last summer Sister D. Smith conducted a very successful Sunday School Kindergarten training class for teachers, in the Central School building, Manti. It attained a membership of seventy pupils, and was conducted under the auspices of Stake Superintendent Newton E. Noyes and the Sunday School Union of Sanpete stake, becoming the means of furnishing the Sunday Schools of that stake with a number of very efficient and acceptable teachers for their kindergarten classes.

Measures are now being taken looking to the establishment of a continuous session term class in Weber stake. For that purpose Sister Donnetta Smith, and J. W. Summerhays of the Sunday School Union Board, recently visited Ogden, and conferred with the Sunday School authorities of that stake. The conference resulting in preliminaries satisfactory to the early commencement of a training class there.

As material for these training classes, it is especially desirable that young, active, sisters, possessed of a love for the work contemplated, faith in the Gospel, established Sunday School workers, and those, who after receiving the training and instruction imparted, will apply themselves to the kindergarten work in the Sunday Schools of the wards they represent or in such places to which they may be appointed

The all-important aim to be kept in view in the Sunday School kindergarten class work, is the inculcation of the principles and practices of the Gospel; and herein we conceive lies a field for much original thought and labor. A field not to be limited to the very young only. The nature-character and study of kindergarten principles and their application to the teaching of the faith, principles and practices of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as revealed and established anew, af-

ford scope, we think, for the prayerful, and inspiration-sought effort of the humblest kindergarten novitiate or qualified teacher.

Superintendents of other stakes than those here mentioned are invited to investigate the conditions, if favorable or otherwise, for entering more effectively into the Sunday School kindergarten teachers' training work in their several stakes, and confer with the Sunday School Union Board, who will only be too pleased to aid you in this or any legitimate Sunday School work.



#### PARTIAL LIST OF DEAF-MUTES RESIDING IN UTAH.

IN a circular issued June 9, 1900, by the Superintendency of the Deseret Sunday School Union to the Sunday School superintendents, and published in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR of June 15, it is asked that they interest themselves in providing opportunities for the deaf-mutes in our midst to obtain Sunday School instruction. For the information of our superintendents and teachers who may desire to engage in this truly Christian work, we here append a list of our deaf-mute associates and their places of residence, trusting it may be helpful in bringing the hearing and non-hearing of our community in closer and more sympathetic relations with each other.

#### American Fork:

Pherson, Anders	Shipley, Ben
	Wild, Alma

#### Bountiful:

Jacobson, Elgin	Wright, Alex.
Wright, Pearl	Woodslayer, Mary

#### Beaver City:

Davis, Ada	White, Harvey
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#### Glendale:

Olsen, Mrs. Andrew	Olsen, Andrew
	Cutler, Leona

#### Lehi:

Davis, Mary Ann	Hertel, Carl
	Hertel, Mrs. Carl

Morgan:

Heiner, David            Heiner, John  
Smith, Lizzie

Murray:

Morris, Richard        Morris, Alice  
Morris, Harvey        M'Mills, John

Manti:

Larsen, Nephi        Madsen, Andrew  
Langford, Sadie

Ogden:

Agee, Ralph            Bruggens, Mr. and Mrs.  
Brown, Ralph        Devine, Amy  
Farley, Otto          Griffin, Albert  
Howell, Helen        Leavitt, Lyman  
Leaman, Ernest      Mark, Paul  
Mark, Mrs. Paul      Yeager, Alfred

Panguitch:

Cameron, Jos.        Clark, John  
DeLong, Libbie      Sivy, Louise

Provo:

Carter, Riley        Carter, Ruth  
Probert, Lyman

Pleasant Grove:

Abbey, Ann            Jacobs, Hugh  
Jacobs, Mrs. Hugh    West, Emma

Park City:

Frisby, John        Keelan, John  
Osika, Mary

Salt Lake City:

Amundsen, Axel      Beck, Jos.  
Beck, John            Beck, Jacob  
Barnard, Joseph      Barnard, James  
Bornstem, Hyman    Clausen, Hans  
Drushall, Mr. and Mrs. Donelson, Roy  
Eccles, Wm.            Griggs, Ivy  
Hawkins, Leo        Keeley, Joe  
Keeley, Alfred        Keeley, Kate  
Low, Fred            Pettit, Ole  
Price, Emery        Olorenshaw, Jos.  
Swift, Lillie        Shepard, Willie

Voss, Amy

Vernal:

Collett, Julia        Marler, Alonzo  
White, Leo

Miscellaneous:

Heaton, Wm., West Portage.  
Hicks, Robert, Orderville.  
Briggs, Rufus, Corinne.  
Ault, Pearl, Cedar Fort.  
Morton, Robert, Midway.  
Wilson, Tempa, Wellington.  
Porter, Arthur, Inverury.  
King, George, Spring City.  
Haddock, Hathron, Hooper.  
Ewing, Otto, Mona.  
Rolls, Ezra, Castilla Springs.  
Hansen, Warren, Riverton.  
Olsen, Hannah, Ferron.  
Stilson, Chas., Orangeville.  
Love, Geo., Nephi.  
Covington, Thos., Washington.  
Guymon, Nellie, Huntington.  
Cole, Willie, Wilson.  
Martin, Chas., Wilson.  
Savage, Lorin, Coyote.  
Fisher, Iona, Far West.  
McCarry, Rebecca, Richmond.  
Slot, Peter, Taylorsville.  
Bowcutt, John, Honeyville.  
Hansen, Peter, Bear River City.  
Munson, Edward, Circleville.  
Munson, Mrs. Ed., Circleville.  
Beal, Andrew, Ephraim.  
Alvey, John, Escalante.  
Lambert, Emma, Fillmore.  
Young, Mamie, Kanab.  
Young, Alfred, Kanab.  
Pearson, Ann, Logan.  
Moore, Earl, Lawrence.  
Hansen, Elsie, Moroni.  
Scott, Elizabeth, Mapleton.  
Christensen, Ezra, Mapleton.  
Jensen, Lena, Salina.  
Dalley, Elizabeth, Summit.  
Eggington, Lizzie, Sandy.  
Eggington, Irene, Sandy.



TO THE MEMBERS OF THE DEAF-MUTE SUNDAY  
SCHOOL.

You are reminded of the promise you gave

Brother Laron Pratt at the close of your Sunday School, May 17, that you would report to him by letter on August 1, 1900. Address your letters, Laron Pratt, 239 West, North Temple St., Salt Lake City, Utah.



#### VISITS MADE BY MEMBERS OF UNION BOARD TO WARD SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND GATHERINGS.

On Tuesday, June 5th, Assistant General Superintendent Karl G. Maeser, by special invitation, attended the weekly officers and teachers meeting of the Lehi (Utah stake) Sunday School. There were fifty-seven Sunday School workers present. The exercises were very fine and called forth the encomiums of the venerable and experienced visitor for the excellent work exhibited.

Elder J. W. Summerhays, on the 10th of June, visited the Vernon Sunday School of the Tooele Stake in company with Elder William Sprv, the stake superintendent.

The anniversary exercises of the American Fork (Utah stake) Sunday School were held in that place June 10th. Elder William B. Dougall attending as the representative of the General Board. He reported the presidency and superintendency of the stake present.

The North Ward Sunday School of Nephi was visited by Apostle George Teasdale on June 10th.

Elder John M. Mills reported by letter that he visited Ogden Fifth Ward Sunday School on May 27th.

Elder George Reynolds reported his visit on June 10th to the Weber stake Sunday School union meeting, and gave important instructions to those assembled. He also visited on the 17th of June the Brigham City Fourth Ward Sunday School of the Box Elder stake.

Elder Thomas C. Griggs on June 17th attended the meeting of the Salt Lake stake Sunday School missionaries, and reported them as a body of good, faithful men, conscientious in the discharge of their duties.

Elder Levi W. Richards reported that on

Monday, June 18th, he attended the Sunday School Union meeting of the Salt Lake Stake, held in the 14th Ward meeting house, and was favorably impressed with the evident earnestness and interest of those present in the work in which they were engaged. Notwithstanding the division of the stake a few months since the attendance was large.

President Seymour B. Young in attending the quarterly conference of the St. George stake, June 10th, also visited the very large Sunday School which convenes in the St. George Tabernacle. A change in the stake Sunday School superintendency as noted in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR of July 1st, was made.

The satisfactory condition of the Beaver City Sunday School was reported by letter from Elder William D. Owen, who visited it June 10th.

Elder Joseph W. Summerhays reported that, in company with Sister Donnetta Smith, he went to Ogden, on Sunday, the 24th of June, to arrange for the organization of a kindergarten training class in the Weber stake. Was pleased to state that the stake authorities are highly elated over the prospects of having this class. It was decided that the course would commence in the month of August, if possible. Further reported that two district conferences in that stake were being held on the 24th inst., one at Ogden and one at Hooper. Attended district conference at Ogden in the afternoon, and in the evening was invited by the Bishop of the Ogden First Ward to attend meeting and speak on Sunday School matters, which he did.

Elder Wm. B. Dougall reported that Elder John F. Bennett and himself attended Sunday School at North Farmington on the 25th of June; reported that the school had an enrollment of 120, with an average attendance of only 60. Many families are moving away from this district, which accounts for this falling off. On Monday evening, the 25th inst., attended the Sunday School union meeting of the Granite stake. Was much pleased



with the work being done by the officers of this stake. Found a surprisingly efficient body of teachers.

Elder H. S. Ensign reported that Elders Joseph F. Smith, of the General Board, and Willard C. Burton, of the stake superintendency of Salt Lake, and himself attended the closing session of the kindergarten training class, held in the lecture hall of the Latter-day Saints College, Templeton building, on Saturday, June 23rd. Each of the brethren spoke to the sisters and encouraged them in their labor of love, and admonished them to get the spirit of kindergarten work, for much good would result therefrom.

General Superintendent George Q. Cannon reported that, in company with Presidents Joseph F. Smith and Seymour B. Young, he attended the quarterly conference of the Fremont stake, held at Rexburg, Idaho, on the 24th and 25th of June. On Sunday morning met with the Sunday School children, all the wards of the stake, excepting one or two were represented. Spoke to the children, and at the close of the morning session the children expressed a desire to shake hands with President Joseph F. Smith and himself, which was granted, and they had the pleasure of shaking hands with 2,270 persons. Had a very good time; regarded the attendance as exceptionally good, considering the great distance many of the Saints had to travel; some coming over one hundred miles by team. A beautiful spirit prevailed, and the people manifested a deep interest in Sunday School matters.



#### GRANITE STAKE SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE.

In the absence of a report from any of its officials of the first Sunday School conference of the Granite stake, we present some notes of that important gathering from the reports thereon made by the members of the Sunday School Union Board, Elders Karl G. Maeser, Heber J. Grant and L. John Nuttall, who were in attendance there.

The Granite stake is of recent creation, and its first Sunday School conference was held Saturday and Sunday, June 2nd and 3rd, 1900, in Mill Creek, Salt Lake County. Arrangements were made to hold the conference in the commodious bowery adjoining the meeting house in that place. By reason of the prevalence of a strong wind storm and the holding of a Priesthood and Relief Society meeting on the morning of Saturday, the first session of the conference was but sparsely attended.

The attendance at the following meetings was all that could be desired; those on the Sunday were crowded. The program, to which were added some very pleasing features, was carried out with precision and the exercises were most excellent and gratifying. The customary meeting of officers and teachers at these stake conferences was held, and enjoyed by all.



#### ONEIDA STAKE ANNUAL SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE.

The annual Sunday School conference of Oneida stake was held at Preston, Idaho, June 16th and 17th, and was attended on the part of the Union Board by Elders Karl G. Maeser and Joseph W. Summerhays. The excellence of the proceedings were indicative of the efficiency of Superintendent William Kirkup in his stake work.

The class exercises were satisfactory and the characteristic features of the conference were the good order observed and precision in the marching at dismissal. This report of their conference is not as complete as we would like it to be, owing to no report or minutes being sent us from any of the stake Sunday School officers.



#### SUNDAY SCHOOL BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS.

All business communications pertaining to Sunday School affairs, or intended for the

Deseret Sunday School Union Board, should be addressed:

Deseret Sunday School Union,  
Room 408 Templeton,  
Salt Lake City, Utah.

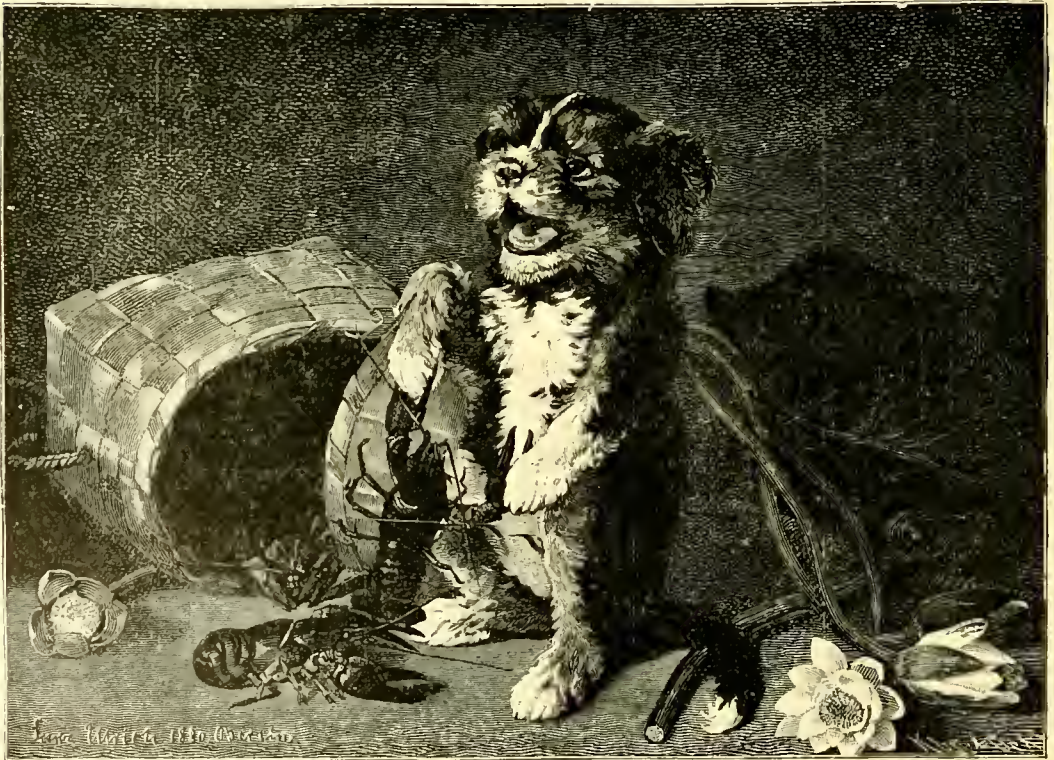
We mention this as frequently communications of the foregoing character intended for us are sent to George Q. Cannon & Sons Co., the Deseret News Co. and other parties. This results in unnecessary delay and trouble.



#### THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION LEAFLET MAIL.

During the year 1900, ten mailings of the

Deseret Sunday School Union Leaflets will be made, each consisting of some nine hundred packages of Leaflets, containing from twelve to four hundred and fifty Leaflets each. They are sent from the office of the Union Board in three of "Uncle Sam's" large mail sacks, and aggregate four hundred pounds of mail matter; these ten mailings will therefore amount to four thousand pounds or two tons. We shall have forty numbers of Leaflets, and seventeen thousand of each number will be issued, or a total of six hundred and eighty thousand Leaflets for this year alone. Of this number we send out gratuitously at each mailing, forty-eight thousand or nearly half a million Leaflets during the year; the other two hundred thousand are held in reserve for sale and for binding into volumes, etc.





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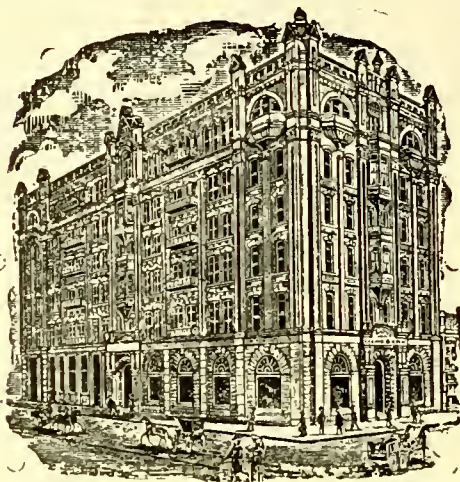
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**George M. Cannon,**  
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**CURRENT**

**TIME**

**TABLE.**

### LEAVES SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 6—For Grand Junction, Denver and points east .....	8:30 a. m.
No. 2—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points east .....	3:15 p. m.
No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East .....	8:05 p. m.
No. 10—For Bingham, Lehi, Provo, Heber, Mantl, Belknap, and intermediate points .....	7:50 a. m.
No. 8—For Eureka, Payson, Heber, Provo and intermediate points .....	5:10 p. m.
No. 8—For Ogden and the West .....	11:00 p. m.
No. 1—For Ogden and the West .....	12:00 noon
No. 5—For Ogden and the West .....	9:45 a. m.
No. 42—For Park City .....	8:30 a. m.

### ARRIVES AT SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 5—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east .....	9:30 a. m.
No. 1—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east .....	11:45 a. m.
No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east .....	10:50 p. m.
No. 9—From Provo, Heber, Bingham, Eureka, Belknap, Mantl, intermediate points .....	5:55 p. m.
No. 6—From Ogden and the West .....	8:20 a. m.
No. 2—From Ogden and the West .....	3:05 p. m.
No. 4—From Ogden and the West .....	7:55 p. m.
No. 7—From Eureka, Payson, Heber, Provo and intermediate points .....	10:00 a. m.
No. 41—From Park City .....	5:45 p. m.

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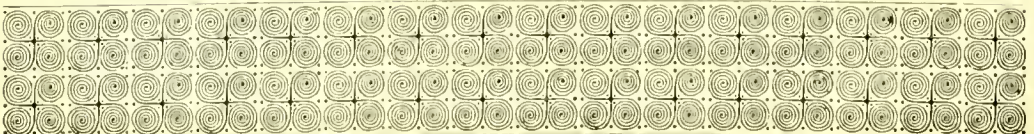
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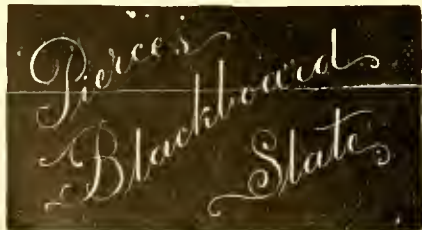
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